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ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The ANNIVERSARY MEETING of this Society for the ELECTION OF OFFICERS, &c. will be held at its Apartments, 11, REGENT-STREET, on MONDAY, the 27th inst. at one o'clock p.m. The Evening Meeting will take place as usual at nine o'clock. The Members will dine together at six o'clock precisely, at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street. On the same day will be published Part II. Vol. IX. of the GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.
JOHN WASHINGTON, Secretary.

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Age.	One Year.	Seven Yrs.	For Life.		Age.	For Life.			
20	£10 17 3	£10 19 11	£14 2 2	30	£17 14				
30	11 10 11	11 11 10	15 11 11	40	21 11 11				
40	13 11 11	14 11 11	18 11 11	50	27 11 11				
50	15 11 11	16 11 11	21 11 11	60	33 11 11				
60	17 11 11	18 11 11	24 11 11	70	40 11 11				
80	21 11 11	22 11 11	28 11 11	80	48 11 11				

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Age. Without profits. With profits.
25.....£1 10.....£1 11 10 cent.
30.....2 10.....2 11 10 cent.
40.....3 10.....3 11 10 cent.
50.....4 10.....4 11 10 cent.
60.....5 10.....5 11 10 cent.
Annuities are granted on very liberal terms.

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Age.	Premium per Cent. per Annum payable during					Remainder of life.
	1st Five years.	2nd Five years.	3rd Five years.	4th Five years.	5th Five years.	
20	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
30	1 10 0	1 5 10	1 10 11	1 10 9	1 10 9	3 8
40	1 6 4	1 12 2	1 19 1	1 7 4	1 7 4	2 17 6
50	1 16 7	2 4 10	2 14 6	2 14 6	2 14 6	3 4
60	2 16 7	3 9 4	4 5 5	5 6 3	6 13 7	

PETER MORRISON, Resident Director.

EMPOWERED BY Act of Parliament, 3 Wm. IV. THE ECONOMIC LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 54, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, London. Established 1823.

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5. Policies granted without any charge to the assured beyond the stamp duty.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1839.

REVIEWS

First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire as to the best means of establishing an efficient Constabulary Force in the Counties of England and Wales.

THE preservation of the public peace is the great end for which all government is constituted;—to be protected in life and property, is the specific object, for the sake of which mankind are contented to forego their personal independence, and submit themselves to a general control. From the first approximation of the tents of two Arab families, to the last complications in the machinery of Fouché's Police, every step in civilization is an advance towards this end—every stride of despotism assumes it as its pretext. All this notwithstanding, it seems somewhat strange, that we should still be under the necessity of sending forth a commission to enlighten the people, not as to the theory of the elementary forces of society—not as to the constitutional balance of powers in the state, but as to the humbler and more mechanical question of an organized executive. That such a commission was necessary, we freely admit, and deeply lament. So little, indeed, is there of the habit of generalization in the public mind—so little are the English people accustomed to trust themselves beyond the contemplation of petty particulars, that we doubt whether any large portion even of our legislators could sufficiently explain the grounds which render one form of police either better or more necessary than another. Most country gentlemen, perhaps, may have an idea that their game is inadequately protected—that their hedges are too much at the mercy of their pauper neighbours—and that their sheep require a good deal of watching; and we have met with many travelled gentlemen who have a strong suspicion that a *gendarmérie* is a very useful appendage to a well-ordered state; but we could almost count upon our fingers the persons who seemed thoroughly to comprehend that such matters are governed by any general law.

The police of a country, like all its other public operations, may be carried on upon one of two systems—that of local and independent municipal and district authorities, or by means of one national, central, and all-pervading department: in other words, on the principle of self-government, or on that of a state of pupillage, under the protection of the State. To one or other of these systems, Englishmen are in general swayed by their political leanings, by their love of what they call a strong government, or by their jealousy of all powers too vast to be readily submitted to popular control. Few, however, suspect (what we believe to be the fact), that the question is far less an affair of taste, than of necessity; and that there are conditions in society itself which ought to decide our preference for the one or the other of these forms. The possibility of a sufficient protection of property and life under a system of self-government, depends very much on the quantity of material to be protected, the density of inhabitants, and the condition of the public morals. Without a strong disposition in the people, on the one hand, to discharge, with honesty and zeal, their public duties, and, on the other, to submit their private conduct and sympathies to the rule of right, there can exist no popular force adequate to the maintenance of the peace: on the other hand, every increase in the density of the population, and in the consequent complexity of social action, and every increase in the quantities and forms of property exposed to depredation, add to the difficulties and to the labours of the functionary, make larger demands on his time,

and his public spirit, and detract from the possible co-ordination of his public duties, with those which he owes to himself and his family. There is evidently, therefore, a stage in the progress of society, in which the unpaid services of individuals can no longer be depended on, and in which a salaried, responsible, and concentrated authority becomes necessary to penetrate, permeate, inspect, and control the masses, and by a sort of omnipresence to stand between the individual in possession, and the many who would enjoy without the labour of honest acquirement. It is perfectly true, that a force thus independent of the people, and systematically organized, might be dexterously converted into an agent of oppression. Every force that exists in nature is as liable to abuse as to use; and the blessed sun itself, while it fertilizes the earth, sucks up the pestiferous vapours which carry death and desolation around. Neither is it in this one department alone of social arrangements that an increase in the commodities and luxuries of life is purchased by a corresponding sacrifice of individual liberty. The closer man comes into contact with his species, the greater must be the points of mutual contact, and the greater the necessity for subordinating individual conduct in more and more particulars to the interests and happiness of all. It is, more especially, clear, that measures of prevention cannot be vigorously adopted against evil-doers, without subjecting the peaceable subject to some occasional annoyance, or at least to that degree of unpleasant restraint which arises from the conscious liability to be observed or interrupted; but against this evil is to be set all the advantages of additional security of protection against violence and robbery when abroad, and against clandestine plunder of property during absence;—to both of which the poorer classes are perhaps far more exposed than the rich. Fortunately, however, we know from experience, that a vast increase of protection can be attained, without any cognizable sacrifice of individual liberty, or immediate liability to anything like systematic abuse. To ascertain in what degree we have approached or passed that state of society in which the power of preserving the public peace escapes from individual grasp,—to decide, by an appeal to facts, how far existing institutions succeed or fail in maintaining the desirable protection of the public, to note the quantum of unpunished crime, and to trace the means for establishing a more efficient system of police, was the business of the Commissioners whose Report is before us.

The existing arrangements for the preservation of the peace in England are of great antiquity; and, like most other very ancient institutions, have lost their vivifying spirit, and with it almost all their utility. The essence of the system consisted in two correlatives—the responsibility of a district for its own peace, and its right of choosing and paying the agency by which it was protected. According to theory, every man was entitled to protection from all; and each being answerable to the injured for violences sustained within the sphere of his own influence, all had an interest, no less than an obligation, to assist in preventing and punishing offence. These are institutions eminently adapted to freemen, jealous of authority, and active in the discharge of their public duties; but they are institutions applicable only to a state of society in which every man acts in the eyes of all, and publicity is co-extensive with responsibility. Every spring in this simple machinery has long since been relaxed. Responsibility for losses sustained by individuals has long ceased to be onerous; a mutual inspection and control of individual conduct in a tithing or parish has long become impossible,

The right of election and control of local officers has either passed from its original depositaries, or is so lost, by the multiplication of electors, that it has ceased to interest; and the duties to be discharged, instead of being occasional, and therefore exciting, have become constant, importunate, tedious, and highly burthensome.

"If the performance of the duties of constable were now generally enforced from persons properly qualified in respect to station, they would be deemed by them, and would be, in fact, grievously oppressive. When persons who may be considered qualified in respect of station for the office are chosen, they almost all pay for substitutes, and avoid serving. In the consciousness of the inequality of the tax, the justices make the less inquiry as to the qualifications of the substitutes, although the person chosen as principal naturally obtains the cheapest service he can, and the substitute seeks the office commonly with a view to remuneration in corrupt or questionable modes."

The various authorities which grew out of this system, from the country justices, known to ridicule by the appellation of the "great unpaid," to the parish constables, whose type is Dogberry, have indeed become acknowledged synonyms for inefficiency and presumption. The applicability of these truths to the case of great towns, has been established by results too strikingly injurious to admit of mistake; and the appointment of a paid and trained police, superseding the old constitutional authorities, has been forced upon several such communities, by a most imperious necessity. The spirit of routine, however, and a jealousy not without some warrant, are still arranged in angry hostility against the introduction of a similar set of functionaries into the rural districts, and yet more against the formation of the whole protective force of the country into one uniform, consistent, and concentrated institution, with functions co-extensive with the entire kingdom.

The inquiry which has been set on foot to meet this opposition, is two-fold—first, as to the extent of unpunished crime, and the necessity of a more effectual resistance to it; and secondly, as to the working of such partial arrangements as have hitherto been put into activity for the purposes of protection. The inquiry into both particulars has been of a searching nature, and the result is a collection of statements of a somewhat astounding character. Independently of the attention they are calculated to excite by their bearings on the great question for which the inquiry was set on foot, they are of the last importance as indications of the entire field of English morality. This latter interest is by no means confined to the class from which criminals are principally taken, nor to the direct overt acts detailed and explained. Indirect and side-wind information starts out in almost every page, of the constant activity of unworthy and even dishonest influences, contempt for the public welfare, indolence, indifference, favour, affection, and dislikes, operating in every rank and station, to the hindrance of justice, and the increase of crime, and showing a marked discrepancy between the intellectual and the moral education of the nation at large.

The first lesson afforded by this Report, is one calculated to disabuse the sentimentalist of his predilections in favour of a country population as the possessors and practisers of a superior morality. We ourselves have long been of opinion, that the morality of a great town, taken as one complex fact, must necessarily be of a higher order than that of smaller associations,—for the simple reason, that the machine subsists and continues to work. The inhabitant of a great town has more to bear and forbear than the countryman: his effort to live must be greater—his exposure to external interference with his enjoyments, his emoluments, and even his ca-

remember a tenth"—"hundreds"—"too many to remember," &c. The average term of a thief's career before he is transported, is five years; and we are told, that such a person every day "must steal about six pocket-handkerchiefs, or things of the same value, to live,—meaning to obtain the means of livelihood in such sort, as to render a career of depredation more eligible than a livelihood by honest industry."

In the present state of society, burglary and footpad robbery are very frequent. It is commonly supposed, that the highways of England are singularly safe; and the Commissioners tell us that they are so, for the rich who travel in their own carriages, attended by servants; but with regard to foot-passengers, commercial travellers in gigs, and the owners of carts and cars with goods, the very reverse is the case; and robbery, in these instances, is not unusually accompanied by violence. On this point we have the following curious question and answer:—

"What do you commercial travellers find to be the comparative state of security of the roads on the Continent and England?—I can have no hesitation in stating that on the Continent the security is much greater. It is, within my own knowledge, much greater on the roads on the Continent over which I have travelled. The many German travellers with whom I am well acquainted have stated to me that in Germany robberies are scarcely ever heard of, and Prussia is marked as a country free for the traveller. In some parts of Italy, and in Spain, in general, the roads are stated to me, by commercial travellers, to be nearly impassable. In Tuscany, however, there is a good government, and there is a very perfect freedom for commercial travelling from the oppression and terror of robbers. England, in respect to the state of the roads, follows next after Italy and Spain."

We have a collateral proof of the general insecurity of property in England, in the great number of individual combinations, formed for mutual protection:—

"We could not adduce a stronger proof of the prostrate condition of the penal administration of the country, than the great extent of the associations for self-protection to do that which it is the business of a Government to do. From the information we have received, it appears that there are upwards of 500 voluntary associations for promoting the apprehension and prosecution of felons, besides very numerous voluntary associations in various parts of the country for the repression of vagrancy and mendicancy. Amongst the rules of some of these associations for self-protection, we find rules for mutual insurance by the payment of a part of the loss sustained by depredation. * * Hereafter, such associations and such rules may be cited to prove that the community in which they arose was relapsing into a state of barbarism."

Apud this fact, the Commissioners justly remark, that the impunity of criminals is much increased by the unwillingness of the parties plundered to incur the expense of prosecuting. Proofs are given, and the Commissioners observe:

"Where all effective pursuit is left to the discretion and cost of the injured parties, it is in vain to expect that they will not conduct it to their own purposes, and use all the means it may afford to them of diminishing the injury they have already received."

The Commissioners indeed have satisfactorily shown the necessity for an improved system. The experience hitherto afforded by partial adoptions of reform, afford another ground for adopting this course. On this head, we quote with pleasure what follows:—

"Viewing the immense sums of money spent in punishment; viewing the corrupting effects of imprisonment in number, of which the Legislature is not even yet fully aware; viewing the defects of what are termed secondary punishments, which we have found it necessary to examine in reference to the operations of organised constabulary, we could but attach much importance to any evidence we might obtain with reference to the possible reformation of the characters

of delinquents by the influence of the operations of such a force. We have sought in vain for instances of the reformation of offenders by punishments which do not outweigh the profit of a train of offences, or for reformation by the inculcation of precepts, or by compunctious visitings, so long as the temptation of a successful or profitable career of depredation was allowed, by the neglect of proper preventive measures, to remain open to them. In the absence of such measures the business of reformation has been frequently abandoned in despair, and it is an aphorism currently received amongst many of the officers engaged in the administration of the law, 'Once a thief, always a thief.' We believe, however, that the aphorism is true only under the existing neglects of this branch of administration: we find that in the metropolis, the preventive measures have so far diminished the chances of impunity in particular lines of depredation as to incline the balance of profit in favour of honest industry. This result is shown in the fact of persons who had no visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, and who were seen by the officers in courses of delinquency, or frequently detected in the commission of offences, but who now see these former offenders engaged in honest and productive occupations. One example was presented to us in the confession of a notorious burglar, who now keeps a public-house, and who avows, as the cause of the change, that housebreaking is no longer profitable. He accounts for eight of his gang, or former connexions in the same career: they were all brought up as mechanics; one as a carpenter, another as a locksmith, &c., who, having been tempted from their occupations by the profits of housebreaking, have of late returned to their several trades, where they are now engaged, and receive good wages as the produce of productive industry. Another notorious burglar, who was frequently brought before the courts of justice, is now the driver of a cabriolet; and a sufficient number of similar instances are presented to afford satisfactory promise, even from imperfect trial, of more extensive and beneficial results of the operations of a uniform and comprehensive system of prevention."

Against evidence of this kind we hardly think that prejudice can long prevail. It is manifest that the establishment of a well-trained police, on the most comprehensive scale, provided it be effective, would be a sound economy. On this subject we have the following practical conclusion:—

"Setting aside the consideration of the numbers who live partially by depredation, it were, perhaps, an estimate far below the truth to suppose that the annual average of upwards of 100,000 criminal commitments to the gaols must be maintained from a body of upwards of 40,000 persons living wholly by depredation. To meet this body, whatever may be its actual amount, we propose the appointment of a trained force of 8000 men."

If, however, to the loss of property stolen, be added the loss of time, embarrassments, baffled combinations, loss of confidence in servants and dependents, and the manifold other petty annoyances incidental to the prevalence of theft, the value of an effective police must be rated much higher.

The prejudices, arising out of jealousy, are much more difficult to undermine; for we are of opinion, that unless the entire police of the kingdom be subordinated to a principle of unity, and subjected to one general control, by far the larger part of the expected advantages of a reform will be lost. A warrant, for instance, once issued, should run universally, unimpeded by county or other boundaries. A general correspondence also is essential to the tracing property or offenders to an effectual purpose. Is it not absurd that a thief shall be permitted to rob in the Strand, and escape on passing Temple Bar? or that an officer shall find himself without authority to pursue property, or the criminal, on passing a bridge or a boundary stone? On this account we are somewhat disappointed in finding that the Commissioners propose that application from a county, &c. shall be a necessary prelimi-

nary to the commencement of a new establishment: in any neighbourhood where reform has once begun, an unreformed district will become a nuisance; and the complaint of neighbours would be a fairer ground for government interference, than that of the district itself, which may be too lazy or disinclined to serve itself. Centralization and universality seem to us essential to any efficient preventive police; nor can an honest man have any legitimate objection to the searching and active agency which these are calculated to ensure. The objections raised against the continental police establishments, are wholly inapplicable to the case in point; for these are not organized for prevention of private crime, but for purposes purely political. The two functions are incompatible; and in the present state of English society, there seems no possibility that the conversion of a police force to the purposes of despotism or espionage, is in the slightest degree to be apprehended. Such a conversion would want its motive, or if desirable to the governors, would never be tolerated by the governed.

Travels in the Trans-Caucasian Provinces of Russia, and along the Southern Shore of the Lakes of Van and Urumiah, in the Autumn and Winter of 1837. By Capt. Richard Wilbraham, 7th Royal Fusiliers. Murray.

THESE pages are so manifestly what they profess to be, a record of impressions taken amid the fatigues and anxieties of a toilsome journey, that we at once recognize their claim to exemption from the formality of criticism. Instead, therefore, of complaining of the many gaps and omissions which break the continuity of the work both geographically and historically, we will even "take the good the gods provide us," make the most of what we have, and bear as best we may the want of what we have not.

Mr. Wilbraham was permitted to enter into the military service of Persia, along with several other of the Company's officers, previous to the late Afghan war. At one of his first audiences a circumstance occurred which is characteristic of the court of Teheran:—

"Soon after my arrival in Persia I was present at the festival of the 'No-Roz,' or New Year's day, which is always celebrated with great pomp at the capital. We had been presented to the Shah before the opening of the public 'salaam,' or levee, and seats were assigned to us in a room adjoining the grand audience-chamber which overlooked the whole pageant. It was an imposing spectacle, but an unmannerly elephant contrived to turn it into ridicule, by filling his trunk from the tank near which he stood, and showering its contents upon a luckless poet who was in the act of reciting an ode in honour of the 'centre of the universe.'"

As yet we have had no accurate account of Mohammed Ali Shah, the reigning monarch of Persia; but Mr. Wilbraham's sketch of his character would justify higher expectations of this sovereign than have been generally formed.

"His age does not exceed one or two and thirty, but his thick beard and heavy figure make him appear an older man: his countenance is rather handsome, and, except when his anger is excited, of a prepossessing and good-humoured expression: his manner, especially towards Europeans, is extremely affable: he generally speaks Turkish, the language of his tribe, but, both in that and in Persian, his enunciation is so rapid that it requires some practice to understand him. Compared with the generality of Asiatics, the Shah is a man of considerable energy, and by no means deficient in information: he is well versed in the history of his own country, and has a tolerably correct idea of the geography and political state of Europe. His army is his hobby, and to his thirst for military fame he sacrifices both his own ease and comfort, and the welfare and prosperity of his country."

It is said that the Shah has been inoculated

with a thirst for conquest, by reading Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon, but whether this be true or false, it is certain that he manifests a greater anxiety to become acquainted with the modern history and political condition of Europe than any of his family, not even excepting his father, Abbas Mirza. The Shah has profited by the example of his predecessor, to avoid the greatest fault of Futteh Ali's rule; his harem is within the limits of Mohammedan law, while Futteh Ali had so many sons by his countless wives, that his head buffoon was the only man in Persia who knew the names of them all.

The expedition to Herat having been undertaken against the remonstrances of our government, the British officers in the Shah's service sought and obtained furlough. Mr. Wilbraham took advantage of the opportunity to make a hasty tour through Georgia and the southern provinces of Russia. He was in general very hospitably treated by the Russian officers,—we should rather say the officers in the Russian service, for the Transcaucasian army of the Czar appears to be a refuge for military adventurers from every quarter of the globe. From two of these adventurers Mr. Wilbraham learned the relative estimation of the Turks and Persians by the Russian soldiers.

"Our conversation turned principally upon the campaigns of Persia and Turkey, in both of which my companions had borne a share. They expressed a higher opinion of the courage of the Turk than of that of the Persian; and added, that, while among the former no spy could be procured, the highest of the Persian nobles would sell the interests of his country."

Mr. Wilbraham gives some very graphic descriptions of the mountain scenery in the Caucasus. The most interesting spot, at least to classical readers, which he visited, was the valley of Terek and the pass of Dariel, traditionally recorded as the scene of the fabled tortures of Prometheus.

"So deep was the valley through which our road now led, that for several hours we travelled in the deepest shade. On either side the mountains rose like stupendous walls of granite, from every cliff and ledge of which, wherever they could find a scanty nourishment, protruded stunted pines. It almost made me giddy to look up these precipices; a thousand jutting crags seemed ready to detach themselves and crush the passing traveller. We soon reached the pass of Dariel, the gate of the Caucasus, where the rocks so nearly meet that their base is washed by the foaming Terek, and the road is excavated in the solid rock overhanging the furious stream. Near the entrance of the pass are seen the ruins of an ancient fortress, which commanded the passage of the Caucasus, and which was long garrisoned by the Arabs. It was here that I first perceived the gigantic scale of this mountain scenery. The perpendicular walls which form the portal of the gate, and which the eye in vain essays to measure, are in proportion to the mountains behind them but as the pedestal to the tall column, yet these latter are entirely free from snow, and rank as pygmies beside Mount Elburz, Kasbek, and the other monarchs of the Caucasus."

As Mr. Wilbraham advanced, he found every where traces of the perils to which the Russian colonists are exposed from the Circassian marauders.

"In one colony, not very long ago, the mountaineers came down during church-time and literally swept the fields of every head of cattle. Last year a horrid scene occurred close to the colony of Karras. An unfortunate colonist, a German, was in his little field, not half a mile from his own threshold, with his wife and four young children, when a party of Circassians suddenly fell upon them. The man was shot and left for dead, while the poor children were forcibly torn from their mother's arms, and carried off into the mountains. No trace has since been found of them, and the poor father with difficulty recovered from his wounds. These mountaineers do not care for the Cossacks, who, though good foragers, are a most inefficient cavalry."

Our traveller was so fortunate as to visit Tiflis at the same time with the Emperor Nicholas. His portrait of the Emperor is on the whole agreeable.

"The boast of the Russians—that among a thousand men you would not fail to recognize the Emperor—is scarcely exaggerated. His figure is commanding and his countenance striking; his height must be nearly six feet two, and his frame unites symmetry with strength; his smile is peculiarly fascinating, but the high forehead, the short and curved upper lip, and the expression of a rather small mouth, impart somewhat of sternness to his features when in repose. His naturally fair complexion is now bronzed by exposure to a southern sun, but the forehead where the cap has sheltered it is white as marble. His blue eye is quick and expressive, and a small moustache adds to his soldier-like appearance."

During the scenes of revelry and magnificence occasioned by the royal visit, the despot, however, betrayed himself by an act of summary justice. The punishment was perhaps merited, but the form was repulsive to every generous feeling, and the final consequence truly lamentable.

"After the parade had been dismissed a terrible act of justice was performed: the officers were called to the front, and Prince Dadian, the colonel of the grenadiers of Georgia, the son-in-law of the Governor-general, and an aide-de-camp of the Emperor, was conducted into his Majesty's presence. I saw that all was not right, and walked towards the other end of the parade with Colonel Rauch. I did not hear what was said, but saw the military governor step forward, unbutton the Prince's coat, and tear off his aiguillettes. His sword was taken from him, and within a few hours he was on his way to a distant fortress to await his trial by court-martial. It was so unexpected, that I am told several of his nearest relations were looking on from the balcony of his own house, without a suspicion of what was about to take place. I could scarcely believe my eyes, for I had seen him the preceding day at the Emperor's table. A charge had been brought against him for employing large numbers of the men of his regiment in his own private concerns; and an aide-de-camp of the Emperor had been sent to the station of his corps to inquire into the truth of the statement: he had only returned the preceding night. I was very sorry for the poor Princess, who had only been married to him a twelvemonth. I have since heard that the military tribunal sentenced him to serve in the ranks, and that in despair he committed suicide."

After a brief tour through Georgia, Mr. Wilbraham crossed the Turkish frontier, and entered Armenia. One of his first visits was paid to the ruins of Anni, once the capital of a powerful Christian state.

"As I rode among the mounds of stones, several copies of the rock partridge rose from beneath my horse's feet, so seldom are they disturbed in the once crowded streets of the capital of Armenia. One solitary Koordish shepherd, with his white felt cloak, was standing beneath the shelter of a ruined porch, while his small flock of mountain goats were perched upon the crumbling arches of an adjoining bath. Shepherd and flock were both in keeping with the desolation of the surrounding scene, and would have furnished a subject worthy of Salvator's pencil. In one of the old roofless churches, a scanty fire, still smouldering among the blackened ruins of the fallen altar, marked his cheerless bivouac. My guide dismounting allowed his horse to stray within the gateway of the sacred pile, and, sheltered from the raw and piercing blast by the massive buttress of the vaulted aisle, vainly attempted to fan the dying embers to a flame."

The lake Van and its environs have been lately described by Col. Shiel, in the Journal of the Geographical Society, and we shall not, therefore, dwell upon Mr. Wilbraham's less minute account, but pass at once to his notice of the American mission, established within the last three years at Urumiah.

"Their missionary labours are exclusively confined to the Nestorians, of whom there are many villages in the vicinity of the lake, although, as I

have before mentioned, their principal seat is among the almost inaccessible mountains of Koordistan, into which none of the missionaries have as yet succeeded in penetrating. Hitherto they have devoted the principal share of their time to the task of mastering the languages of the Nestorians: I say languages, because the written and the spoken Syriac are almost distinct tongues. They have made great proficiency, and are now able to instruct the children, who attend their school in great numbers. I regretted very much that I had not an opportunity of witnessing the result of their exertions; but during the few days that I remained under their roof, the children were all absent with their parents. The mission consisted of four gentlemen, two of whom were clergymen, the third a medical man, and the fourth the superintendent of the printing establishment. All of them were married men; and their wives seemed to enter as zealously into the cause as they themselves."

Mr. Wilbraham is disposed to believe that the missionaries from America are better qualified to produce an impression on Orientals than those of any other country; but he forcibly shows "that the improvement of the Christian population in Western Asia must be a preparatory step to the conversion of the Mohammedans."

From Urumiah Mr. Wilbraham travelled through Mazenderan to Teheran, but the country which he traversed has been already often described, and none of his personal adventures possess any striking interest.

Ireland and Irish Policy—[*L'Irlande Sociale, Politique, et Religieuse*]. By Gustave de Beaumont. Paris, Gosselin; London, Dulau.

We recently had occasion to notice the great and increasing interest excited by the anomalous condition of Ireland among the continental nations. The various questions respecting the origin, nature, and cure of the evils under which that country suffers, can no longer be confined within the limits of coteries, committees, or even parliaments; foreigners insist upon taking a part in the debate; the discussion has ceased to be domestic, it has become European; we must therefore be cautious in the selection of our evidence, and the choice of our arguments. It may be observed, as a somewhat curious coincidence, that we are called on, in the same week, to notice this foreign Report on the State of Ireland, and the Report of our own Commissioners on the State of England.

Though not the first in point of time, M. de Beaumont is unquestionably the first in talent and intelligence of those who have undertaken to explain Irish questions to a continental auditory. We cannot forget that he was the worthy companion of M. de Tocqueville in that Transatlantic tour, the fruits of which have been two among the few really valuable works on American institutions hitherto laid before the public.

In considering Irish affairs, he first directs attention to the fact, usually forgotten in the debates of party or faction, that the Catholics, like the poor, to use a Scripture phrase, "we have always with us;"—were their creed as absurd, and their worship as idolatrous, as they are described by fanatics, still there they are, and we cannot get rid of them. We have, as Arthur Young declares, tried to remove them, by "acts calculated for the meridian of Barbary," but persecution has only multiplied their numbers and extended their power; and a new alliance between Bibles and bayonets would be just as inefficacious as the old.

It is not our purpose to offer an opinion on the many important questions discussed by M. de Beaumont; it will be more just, both to the author and our readers, to extract simply those portions of his evidence which bear directly

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on the points in issue: at the same time, we cannot but express a confident hope and belief that, bad as the system may be, M. de Beaumont has exaggerated both its errors and its vices.

M. de Beaumont joins with Lord Roden and his party, in declaring, that "life and property are insecure in Ireland;" but he declares, that the life menaced is that of the miserable cultivator of the soil, and the property endangered the honest reward of industry, the fruit of "the sweat of the brow, and the toil of the hand."

It may be asked, when the rich do not supply capital, how is the poor peasant to procure it? It must be answered, that, for the most part, he does not obtain it, and that he only applies brute force to an enterprise, for the success of which capital would be necessary. He cultivates badly, because the means of cultivation are wanting. Now, how can he, cultivating badly, pay the exorbitant rents demanded by the proprietor, the "middleman," and the subordinate tenants? For it is the poor tiller of the ground who must bear the weight of all the successive engagements of which the land has been the object. The chief proprietor, who leases his land to an undertaker, receives from him a sum of money, which he gets back again with profit from the inferior middlemen; and these again, sub-letting to small farmers, not only receive what they have paid the undertaker, but realize a profit rent; so that the actual tillers of the soil have to pay a rent in the first place equivalent to the sum which the undertaker pays the proprietor, and to which must be added the profits of the undertaker, and the beneficial interest of all the intermediates. It is in vain that the poor agriculturists of Ireland labour to satisfy all these interests, and, at the same time, to derive from the land a sufficiency for the sustenance of themselves and families. However fruitful the land of Ireland may be, it cannot give all that is required of it.—What then happens? The middleman, or the proprietor, ejects him from his land, seizes his few moveables, and sells them by auction. And what becomes of the peasant, whose entire crime is having attempted an impossibility? As no other branch of industry is open to him but the land, he goes to seek a small farm elsewhere, and until he finds it, he, his wife, and children, beg or starve.

This system, according to M. de Beaumont, presents an almost ostentatious disregard for life and property. The ejected tenant, if he cannot get a farm, must perish. The few chattels he has collected, the little crop he has raised, are sold, to pay an exorbitant rent, which it was unjust to demand. Talk to such a man afterwards of respect for the laws: he tells you, that in his case, a code superior to all written law has been violated—the code of eternal justice; and that you are not to expect respect for the former, in a land where the latter is disregarded.

M. de Beaumont attributes this ruinous system to evils in the constitution of the Irish aristocracy, from which the English aristocracy is fortunately exempt. The great guarantee of the English aristocracy is, that the labourer, driven from the land, finds as regular work, and better pay, in the factory; but in Ireland, there is no industry but agricultural—a man must have land, or starve. The question of land-monopoly is, consequently, there subjected to a more severe trial than on this side of St. George's Channel; and the peril of solution is increased by the alien character of the Irish aristocracy, which he describes as essentially English and Protestant.

It is a fatal chance for the Irish aristocracy that has placed Ireland in such close proximity to England; for this aristocracy has never ceased to be English in heart, and almost in interest. Here is the cause why the aristocracy has always resided, and at the present day resides, more in England than in Ireland; and this material fact, which most frequently divides it from the people subjected to its sway, is, in its case, the source of the evil most fatal to every aristocracy, which really exists only on the condition of governing. It is common to hear all

the evils of Ireland attributed to absenteeism; but this is to mistake a consequence of the evil for the evil itself. The aristocracy of Ireland is not bad because it is absentee: it is absentee because it is bad—because nothing attaches it to the country—because it is retained there by no sympathy. Why should it, loving neither the country nor the people, remain in Ireland, when it has England near, inviting it by the charms of more elegant and refined society, and which attract it back to its original country? In general, every aristocracy contains within itself the corrective, which tempers, if it does not arrest, its aberrations and its selfishness. It usually happens, that the very class which does not love the people, fears them, or at least has need of them. It then performs, from calculation, what it would not do from sympathy. It does not oppress too far, through fear of revolt; it spares the national strength, from which it derives profit; it may even happen that it appears generous, when it is only clear-sighted and interested.

The Irish aristocracy fears nothing, and hopes for nothing, from the people subject to its yoke. Supported by England, whose soldiers have always been placed at its disposal, it has been enabled to give itself up to tyranny without reserve. The groans, the complaints, the menaces of the people, have never tempered its oppressions, because popular clamour had for it no terrors. Did insurrections break forth in Ireland? The aristocracy of the country never stirred; it was English artillery that subdued the insurgents; and when everything was restored to order, the aristocracy continued to receive the revenue of its lands, as before.

M. de Beaumont hints, that the luxury of maintaining an aristocratic garrison in Ireland may, at some future time, prove not only expensive, but dangerous to England. We shall not follow him in these explanations, but turn to another part of its alien character,—the difference in religion between the Irish aristocracy and the bulk of the people:—

The Established Church of Ireland is, in reality, useful only to the small number of Anglican Protestants, whose religious wants it supplies, and who pay just so much less for the expense and support of their religion, as they compel the entire population hostile to their creed to contribute. If the members of the Church of England in Ireland, who amount to about eight hundred thousand, were to support their own church themselves, it would cost each of them on the average 1*l.* sterling annually; but by distributing the charge over six millions and a half of Catholics, and six hundred thousand dissenters, the cost to each member of the Anglican church is only 2*s.* What a singular foundation for a church, is a system which plunders the poor, in order to assist the rich!

The state of Ireland, as it appeared to M. de Beaumont, is that of a country in an incessant state of warfare between a doubly alien aristocracy, and a population oppressed in its resources, and insulted in its faith;—the aristocracy maintaining its supremacy only by the external support of England, while the population, though often subdued, is goaded to continue the contest, by the repetition of positive wrongs, and the pressure of actual misery. He gives many graphic specimens of this warfare: two of them we shall quote:—the ejection of tenantry from an estate, when the landlord resolves to consolidate his farms, and the consequent development of the Whiteboy conspiracy:—

What is to become of the two or three hundred peasants who, in one day, receive an order to quit their cabins? The blow is fatal: this is no common removal; usually the out-going tenant succeeds some one else; here, hundreds of peasants depart, two or three only remain, no one comes in; so that three hundred desperate wretches are created by a single blow, whose removal does not open any opportunity for the relief of other unfortunates.

We can now see what contrary interests, and what different passions control the possession of land in Ireland. The order to quit being given to the poor tenant, he resists it; this order is, to him, a sentence

of death: he sees rising before him the hideous spectre of hunger, which is ready to seize upon him, his wife, and his children; he then contemplates the entire extent of his misfortune, passes from grief to despair. Still, one ray of hope comes to illumine his forehead; "If I went to the master," says he, "and showed him the misery which overwhelms us—if he saw my wife pining with hunger, my children pale and famishing, surely he would feel for us, and would leave us our little cabin, at least for a few days longer!" The wretch is mistaken; he throws himself at the feet of his master, he supplicates, he implores in vain: the rich in Ireland have no compassion for the poor. In that country, the poor man may preserve his pride; for, he humbles himself unprofitably before the rich, who rejoice in his abasement, without alleviating his misery. The poor peasant, harshly repulsed, regains his cabin in silence, brings back there an additional sorrow, and struck with a misfortune too great to be combated, and too great to be endured, crosses his arms, and remains immovable. The proprietor then claims the assistance of the law, which, at great cost, pronounces a sentence by which the poor agriculturist is condemned to quit his land; the judgment triples the sum which the wretch before had to pay. He had been ejected for not being able to pay his rent, how is he now to raise three times that sum? He soon sees two constables appear, bearing a sentence in proper form, according to the tenor of which he must immediately leave the place; and, at once, these agents of public power begin, by seizing every article which they can find in the cabin. All this is done amidst the most heart-rending cries, which burst from the cabin; imprecations are heard, which, if they reached the ear of the rich man, would mingle remorse with his pleasures: but, finally, justice takes its course; everything is seized and sealed in the farmer's dwelling; the bailiffs are its masters, the poor family is gone. The constables disappear with their plunder. The next morning the farmer and his family are again in possession of the poor cabin; force alone removed them; they reappear when that force is withdrawn. They have been driven from their land; but, since this land is their only means of subsistence, they must, of sheer necessity, return. The proprietor then takes the only means that can rid him of these obstinate wretches, he pulls down the cabin.

Let us now see how the outcast meets his fate. Captain Rock issues a tariff, regulating rent, prohibiting ejections, and denouncing death, not only against the violators of his code, but against all their relatives and connexions:—

Terror then spreads through the country; dangerous plots are formed in darkness; strange figures appear here and there; houses are attacked during the night; every one is obliged to fortify his dwelling, but all resistance is vain. These are banditti of a singular kind; to obtain arms or vengeance, they commit all sorts of outrages, while they abstain from the gold and silver under their hands. A murder is committed; it is soon discovered that the victim is a proprietor, whose tenant has been ejected the evening before. The perpetrators have been seen, but no one in the country knows them, and everything proves that they have been brought from a distance to execute vengeance for another. A second similar crime is committed; it is the murder of a middleman who has seized his tenant's goods. The whole proprietary class is alarmed; an appeal is made to the law; it issues its mandates, but no one points out the traces of the guilty; justice discovers them after an active search, they resist, she seizes them, but an insurrection rescues them from her hands: at length, she seizes them again; the guilty are under lock and key. It is then necessary to search for witnesses; all who are summoned declare, that they have seen nothing: one presents himself and tells the truth. Two days afterwards it is discovered that this witness has been assassinated. What is to be done? It is very necessary that justice should have its course. The witnesses do not appear. Well! they must be arrested and brought before justice by force; but there, they refuse to give evidence! It is necessary to purchase their evidence. Their existence is menaced; it is necessary to protect them. How is this to be done? No one will give them an asylum. Well! they must be committed to gaol. But, what reward will be sufficient to induce a witness to make a declaration which

endangers his life, and the first effect of which is to deprive him of liberty? However high his price, he must be paid in full. But, who will admit the sincerity of a witness under the double influence of the money which he receives, and the death which he dreads? Necessity, however, decides, that he must be believed. But, will not this witness, dismissed after the trial, be assassinated? No, he will leave the prison, and leave Ireland at the same time. Thus, the condition of every witness for the prosecution in criminal affairs must be, to remain in prison until the trial, and afterwards go into exile. But, what honest man will be a witness? Honest witnesses will be dispensed with, stern necessity demands it. But, what honest man will act as judge? . . . Thus have we gone from consequence to consequence, until we have reached the end alternative, that justice must either be powerless or immoral; must either acquit the accused for want of witnesses, or condemn by the aid of purchased witnesses. Finally, the verdict is given, the guilty man is sentenced, and put to death. The informer and the witnesses go into exile. Next day, it is found, that the brother of the informer, the mother or sister of the witness, have been assassinated.

M. de Beaumont is of opinion, that when matters have reached this crisis, all efforts to restore peace and order by coercive means, will not only fail, but aggravate the disease.

All your vigorous measures to restore peace and order will be abortive, because the order you design to make supreme, is actual discord; because, the peace you wish to establish is violence and oppression. This violence, this oppression, this disorder, have produced a state of war; and this social war is not between the honest man and the malefactor, between the labourer and the idler, between the industrious man and the robber,—it is a war between the rich and the poor, between the master and the slave, between the proprietor and the cultivator; and this war has arisen because the selfishness of the rich has been carried to an excess which necessarily drove the poor to revolt.

M. de Beaumont proceeds to trace the evil influences of this system on the affairs of government, and the administration of justice:—

It is a sad truth, that, in every Irish court of justice, there are, as it were, two hostile encampments within sight of each other; the accused on one side, the judge and jury on the other. Amongst the spectators, the people is for the accused; the tribunal is supported by the soldiers, the constables, and the wealthy. As, in Ireland, the aristocracy is engaged in an open contest with the people, all that depends on the aristocracy, or sympathises with it, comes to support it on this terrible field of battle, where the strong exterminate the weak in the name of justice and the laws. The prejudices and malevolent passions of which the accused is the object, are displayed on every side; they may be heard in the accent of the judge, seen in the emotions as well as the passiveness of the jury; the very language of the counsel for the defence reveals them. . . . It is difficult to form an idea of the tone of contempt and insolence in which the members of the Irish bar speak of the people and the lower classes. Thus, in spite of the formalities of procedure—in spite of all the legal solemnities which surround the accused in the presence of his judge, there is an inward feeling, that this is not a deliberation of judgment, but a preparation of vengeance; this lie of forms, promising equitable chastisement, but concealing a kind of vengeance, is endured; but, when the judge pronounces the terrible sentence of death, it might be deemed the signal for a fierce engagement between the party of the judge and the party of the accused, were not the court filled with armed policemen, whose presence prevents the parties from coming to blows.

In England, the magistrate sees in every accused person an unfortunate fellow-citizen, a person charged with a crime of which he may be innocent, an Englishman invoking the sacred rights of the constitution. In Ireland, the justices of peace, the judges, and the jury treat the accused as a kind of idolatrous savage, whose violence must be subdued, as an enemy that must be destroyed, as a guilty man destined beforehand to punishment. In England, the penal laws are not sanguinary; the forms of proceeding are in some respects barbarous, but the manners of the people are humane, the jury is clement, and the

judge merciful. In Ireland the penal code is more sanguinary than that of England; all the bad principles of English legislation are practised, and the magistrate is as severe as the law.

It might be added, that the exercise of the prerogative of mercy has been menaced with impeachment; but if one half of M. de Beaumont's statement be true, more than enough had been proved to account for the hatred of the law, and the hostility to judicial proceedings, which all parties lament as one of the worst evils of Ireland. Pursuing his investigations into the inferior departments of the administration, the author protests very forcibly against the number of clerical magistrates in Ireland.

A great many clergymen of the church of England are justices of peace; that is to say, in other words, the Catholics are placed under the civil jurisdiction of churchmen, whose religious jurisdiction they reject. Thus the Irish Catholic, who only knows the Protestant ministers by the tithes he pays them, finds them on the bench, as judges at petty sessions and quarter sessions, meets them at the assizes sharing in every process whether civil or criminal, where favour prevails over right, where the rich condemns the poor. It is bad as a general principle to unite temporal and spiritual power in the same hand; it is bad that the voice of the pious minister, which proclaims pardon in the name of the All-merciful, should be charged with the application of a law which does not pardon. And what will be the rule of the priest that is a magistrate? Will he judge crime as a sin, or sin as a crime? Whatever efforts his conscience may make, will he be able to separate one from the other? Will he not condemn, from pious motives, what the law will command him to absolve, and will not christian charity render him indulgent to faults, for which the law prescribes punishment? But, if it is bad to intrust a clergyman with the office of condemning or absolving those whom his religious conscience judges differently from his reason as a magistrate, what will be the result if this minister be the pious enemy of those whom he is to punish in the name of the laws, that is to say, if counsels of severity be found at the very source of charity; if, even without his own knowledge, every legal severity he inflicts on a misdoer, flatters the first passion of his heart; if this same man, who as a Protestant minister levies tithes on the Catholics, sends them to prison as a justice of peace? It must follow, that a church so constituted will excite universal hatred, and will have the power of rendering not less odious than itself, every authority of which it is the auxiliary or the friend.

M. de Beaumont traces the evil influences of ascendancy even in the Dublin University.

The University of Dublin is open to persons of every denomination, but, from the nature of its institutions, it is only suited to a minority. On one side the universities of Oxford and Cambridge attract by their greater fashion and celebrity all the young Irishmen of wealthy families; and on the other, the principles and passions which the Irish University conceals within its bosom, repel from it the children of the Irish Catholics; so that in a country almost exclusively Catholic, the Protestants alone receive the higher instruction requisite for the discharge of public functions. Moreover the Protestants, to whom this instruction is given, do not belong to the upper ranks of society. Thus the University of Dublin does not correspond with the purpose of its foundation; it has never been national, and it has lost the aristocratic character which belongs to the English universities. It is, in fact, nothing but a seminary of candidates for the ministry of the Church of England: in this respect it is far from being abandoned; all who aspire to enter the church flock to the university, enticed by the numerous benefices and magnificent livings which it has at its disposal.

We must here remark, that the proportion of Roman Catholic students in the University of Dublin is on the increase, for though a degree is not a necessary qualification for a barrister, few persons go to the Irish bar without one. We may also mention, that the admission of Roman Catholics to scholarships, is even desired by some of the heads of the university, for at a recent

election a strong minority of the Board voted for a Catholic candidate. Still M. de Beaumont is justified in saying, that the Irish University was founded on the presumption that Ireland would cease to be a Catholic country; but we doubt whether the fallacy of that presumption is so generally recognized, as to render the changes he recommends feasible under present circumstances.

We have so frequently examined the great question of national education, and particularly in its relation to Ireland, that we have no wish to follow the author in discussing the subject. Besides, the opposition to the Board has been burned out by the fury of its own flames: let it smoulder in its ashes, for it may be re-kindled by a breath.

The examination of the national character is divided by M. de Beaumont into two parts, the character of the peasantry, and that of the aristocracy; he ascribes the defects in both to the evil influence of the alien system, declaring that the peasants, having been enslaved, must necessarily be affected by the vices of slavery, and that the party of the ascendancy must necessarily have felt the depraving influence arising from the possession of tyrannical power. "The penal law," he says, "placed law and conscience in direct opposition."

Does any one suppose that a peasant could receive sound notions respecting equity and rectitude when he saw the religion proscribed, which in his belief was the only true mode of worshipping God; when he saw the exercise of that worship which he regarded as the first of duties branded as a crime?

In M. de Beaumont's opinion, the law which made what the peasant thought his highest duty a penal crime, and which held out rewards for apostasy, in the peasant's view the greatest of crimes, must have produced a chaos in the moral system, whose influence must necessarily be felt long after the removal of the cause. There are few specimens of moral analysis superior to our author's searching examination of the charges usually brought against the Irish peasantry; even those who dissent from the justice of his conclusion must acknowledge the force of the arguments and the logical skill by which they are supported.

M. de Beaumont is far from ascribing vice to the members of the Irish aristocracy taken individually; on the contrary, he regards their errors and faults as the necessary result of the false position in which they are placed:—

The Irish aristocracy for the most part does not govern at all, and when it governs it governs badly. It wants the first condition necessary to the existence of a beneficent government, which is, to feel sympathy instead of contempt for its subjects. It is detested when absent; it is cursed when present; it possesses all the land in a country where the people have nothing but the land for their support, and immense revenues of which it never returns one farthing to the wretches from whom those revenues are raised. It possesses immense civil powers, and it makes such use of these powers, that neither government nor subjects recognize any proceeding but force, the one to impose the law and the other to evade it. It has great religious privileges which it has so strangely abused, that it has rendered its creed hateful among a thousand other objects of hate. Here are vices so great and enormous, that it may be said to possess nothing of aristocracy but the name.

Under these circumstances, M. de Beaumont finds it difficult to account for the delusions by which, in his opinion, the Irish aristocracy imposes on itself,—the faith which it has in the sanctity of its rights and the legitimacy of its title,—the indignation which it exhibits when the least of its privileges is contested.

What I cannot conceive is, that after two or three ages of useless persecutions to convert Ireland to the reformed faith, the Irish aristocracy does not clearly see that Ireland is destined to remain Catholic, and

that persecution, exercised in vain, must have rooted in the hearts of the people the most profound hatred of their persecutors;—further, what I cannot conceive is, that the great English or Irish landlord, who is merely a proprietor in Ireland, should pretend there to all the powers of aristocracy, should believe that he has a right to command his tenants to vote according to his pleasure, and when he sees them give an independent suffrage, should exclaim, with profound grief, that the sacred bonds between landlord and tenant are broken;—it is impossible for me to comprehend how one man who does not reside on his estates, where he is wholly unknown,—or another who announces his presence only by rigour and exaction,—the Irish justice of peace who resides habitually in London, but who comes in an occasional trip to sit on the bench of magistrates, and who, after having received his rents, will not depart without pronouncing sentence upon some Irish malefactor,—this justice of peace whose decrees excite no feeling among the people but hatred and indignation, whose incapacity is so great that he could not administer the law without the aid of the central power, and whose authority is so feeble that without British artillery he would not be obeyed,—this minister of the Anglican Church to whom the poor pay taxes, and from whom the poor receive nothing,—who has come to Ireland as a missionary, and is nothing more than an annuitant, and who, finding himself surrounded in Ireland by hatred and peril, goes to expend the five or six hundred a year derived from his Irish benefice at Bath or Cheltenham,—it is, I say, impossible for me to conceive how such persons, proprietors, magistrates, or clergymen, who do nothing for the people, should claim the privileges of an actually governing aristocracy—should, after having abandoned the people to themselves, be surprised to see them ignorant and famishing—should, after having treated the peasants as slaves, be astonished to find them vile and degraded,—and, after having been the voluntary or involuntary cause of these evils, should wonder at being hated. What passes my powers of understanding is, that, after having degraded their country to a degree of wretchedness unknown to any other people, at a time when England surpassed in prosperity all the nations of the world, these lords of the soil are indignant because they do not enjoy in Ireland the popularity which the aristocracy possesses in England,—that, deprived of all conditions of existence, this nominal aristocracy should declare itself legitimate, regard its rights as sacred, and its titles as inviolable, should rigorously claim the honour and respect with difficulty obtained by an enlightened, just, and beneficent aristocracy, and should raise the cry of impiety when the least of its privileges is attacked.

I am mistaken: these passions of the Irish aristocracy ought not to surprise me, they are natural;—does not he who is born a proprietor of slaves believe in the sanctity of slavery?

We have now gone lightly over the first volume of M. de Beaumont's work, and must reserve for a future occasion the consideration of the remedies he proposes. We make no comment on his statements; the reflections they suggest are as obvious as they are important. One certainty, however, deserves to be impressed on the minds of those who differ from the author and those who agree with him—the work will produce a wide and powerful impression both in England and throughout the continent; we can no longer hide the diseased part of the empire from others or ourselves; the work of renovation must be commenced, and that speedily; the only point to be decided is, whether it shall be wrought by the enlightened policy of government or the blind fury of popular passions.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Notes of a Wanderer in Search of Health, through Italy, Egypt, Greece, Turkey; up the Danube and down the Rhine, by W. F. Cumming, M.D. 2 vols.—We had hoped to have derived from the Doctor's notes, some few anecdotes, some sketches of men and manners, to enliven our columns; but our companionship has proved comparatively fruitless. The tour, it seems, was undertaken to escape from the probable conse-

quences of symptoms of consumption—and the Notes close with a page of cheerful resignation, which, though there be a trifle of parade in its egotism, ought to charm the critics into silence. One extract from the Swiss part of the journals will bring a strange scene before our readers. Between Lausanne and Geneva, Dr. Cumming encountered on board the steamer—"One group that engrossed universal attention. It consisted of three persons; the gentleman is a celebrated German musician, of most eccentric appearance, with long fair hair hanging down over his shoulders, and wearing a huge straw hat. One of his female companions was a woman of about forty, possessing the remains of considerable beauty. I was informed that this lady was a French Countess, who had not scrupled to forsake her husband and four children, to share the fortunes of this German musician. But the figure that engrossed all eyes, was that of the other female, a young woman of twenty-two, with fallow complexion, and long black hair, hanging straight down over the back of her neck, and dressed in all respects as a man, viz., a Swiss blouse, double-breasted waistcoat, trowsers with straps under her boots, a black silk stock, and straw hat, and though last, not least—in wonder—a cigar in her mouth! I shall never forget my feelings of surprise and amazement when she first emerged from the cabin, and made the tour of the deck. Every eye was fastened upon her. At first I could not believe her to be a woman; * * * however, on a more minute survey of her person, and after hearing her voice, there was no longer room for doubt. The trio seated themselves closely together, the masculine lady reading aloud to the other two. Espinasse and I sat scanning the group with curious eyes, speculating on their country and professions; at this time I had not learned their history. After reading together above an hour, they descended to the cabin, leaving the book open on the seat. Our curiosity led us to examine it, and what was our surprise to find it the Holy Bible! It is said that travellers see strange sights, and I declare that, in all my wanderings, I never saw a sight that surprised, and, I will add, disgusted me, more than the lady in question. In what relation she stood to the others, or what may be her history, I know not; however, to do her justice, she had not the slightest air of coquetry; on the contrary, her expression was of a demure and pensive character." It is probable, from the description, that two of this oddly apparelled trio were, Liszt, the Paganini of the pianoforte, whose eccentric toilette is as remarkable as his universal genius, and George Sand.

Gnorowski's Insurrection of Poland in 1830.—We have read this account of the late Polish struggle with feelings of disappointment; a disposition is manifest to revive the party squabbles which unfortunately divided the leaders of the patriotic cause, and attacks are made on individual character, supported by assertion instead of evidence. We have never disguised our sympathy in the fate of Poland, and have more than once declared our conviction that the annihilation of that kingdom was one of the most flagrant wrongs and greatest errors committed at the Congress of Vienna; but we cannot hide from ourselves that many obstacles to its regeneration have arisen from the conduct of the Poles themselves. Even in the late struggle, the ancient evils of dissension among the aristocratic chivalry of Poland were but too apparent, but it would be still more lamentable if such feelings were perpetuated in exile.

The Banished: a Swabian Historical Tale, Edited by James Morier, Esq., Author of 'Hajji Baba.'—In one of the last sportings of Elia in the *Athenæum* (No. 344) he dwells on the importance of a parenthesis, illustrating the same from the old ballad of 'Fair Rosamond'—wherein it is said of the King, that

(Besides the Queen) he dearly loved
A fair and comely dame.

Now the word *edited* is, in the present instance, at least as consequential as the "besides" so pithily dwelt on by Charles Lamb. For many a long week have we been expecting an historical tale by the Author of 'Hajji Baba,'—when, lo! it turns out that the clever and popular novelist is only (to quote his own words) to be considered as "trumpeter to the show;"—that he has merely *read* the novel, and written two introductory pages to say as much, and recommend it to the public! Further, 'The

Banished' is not even an original novel; it is a translation, from the German, of a tale in which the Scott style of romance has been attempted by M. Hauff. We have never yet seen a translation from the German novel writers calculated to lay hold on English sympathies. More than one has been attempted, but all have failed. 'The Banished' is among the best: it is a tale of the Swabian league in the sixteenth century, with the usual elements of knights, squires, lovers, and ladies fair; princes in misfortune, and quick-witted and faithful adherents, who play the whole round of Gil Blas' characters, to further their views—and adventures of love, courageous achievement, and jealous misunderstanding, in which such well-known personages find a befitting occupation. It is needless to add, that, to those who have expected another of Mr. Morier's vivid and graphic novels, 'The Banished' cannot but prove a disappointment.

The Gentleman of the Old School, by G. P. R. James, Esq.—It would be a wise economy if the critics were to keep a standing formula, with blanks, to be filled according to circumstances, for the purpose of noting the publishing progress of Mr. James, and some other of our modern novelists,—every three months bringing some fresh specimen, so like its predecessors, that, after cataloguing the *dramatis personæ* and mentioning the period, a *Ditto to the last notice* would be as sufficient and efficient an account of the personages and adventures as the public can require at their hands. In the work before us, Sir Andrew Stalbrooke is drawn for the impersonation of all that Mr. James considers becoming and ornamental in the manly character,—and, as we have often remarked, there is no contemporary writer whose estimate of a gentleman is sounder or framed according to a truer standard. We could not indicate the adventures by which his considerate generosity, courage, high-mindedness, and refinement are tested, without unveiling the love-troubles of Ralph Stratford and Edith Forest—the love-struggles of Lady Mallory—the cold villainy of the male Forrests, old and young—the crafty cleverness of Timothy Meakes (who is the Harvey Birch of this English romance)—the hearty honesty of Castle Ball, which makes him worthy of his reward, sweet Luey Williams—and the mystery which attends the in-comings and out-goings of Mistress Phillippa Weiler—all which would occupy more space than we can bestow on the work,—and therefore, with this brief summary, we commend it to all indiscriminate novel readers, as "ditto to the last."

Indecision, a Tale founded on Fact, by Anti-Mammon.—This is a tale written by one of those well-meaning but mischievous persons "who trust in themselves that they are righteous, and despise others." The author attributes the calamitous death of a London merchant to his erroneous opinions in religion: we need not dwell on the impropriety of a fallible being thus claiming to interpret the ways of Omnipotence, and presuming, "with erring hand his bolts to throw." The great founder of Christianity has already pronounced condemnation upon such judgments: "Think ye that the eighteen upon whom the Tower of Siloam fell and slew them were sinners above all men that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you, nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

Stories of Torres Vedras, by the Author of 'Adventures of an Irish Gentleman.'—These Stories of Torres Vedras, are by no means the worst of the sketches of military adventure and achievement which have succeeded to Mr. Gleig's 'Subaltern.' They contain the usual notices of Peninsular service,—the usual figures of dark-eyed Spanish girls, revengeful or melting, as the case may be,—malicious priests given to poisoning their adversaries,—intrepid guerrillas, with the no less familiar personages of the guard-room and the mess-table,—the Irish fire-eater,—the melancholy Jaques crossed by fortune,—all such personages, in short, as naturally make so large a figure in the experiences of every campaigner. The stories, however, are told in an involved and discursive style, which detracts from the interest they might otherwise excite: the genuine anecdotes and traits of character they contain are smothered among common-places, and passages of fruitlessly fine writing. Still the novel reader may do worse than attack these new "lines of Torres Vedras," by way of a summer day's pastime.

The Highland Inn.—The Husband Hunter, or Das Schiksal.—In neither of these novels is there sufficient interest to repay the task of wading through so many pages of common-place improbability. The framework of the first, which is a collection of sketches and short tales, may be guessed from its title. The second is a concealed extravaganza, in which figure many personages dressed up for drolls, but who make us yawn most dismally—nothing so lachrymose as failure in the humorous. There is a young lady pursued by a law-student, as dull and as conceited as Molière's Thomas Diafoirus, but twice as malicious;—there is a dashing widow, yet another presentation of "the wife of Bath,"—and a German prince, who wears *moustaches*, and is therefore dubbed his *Hairiness* instead of his *Highness*.....Need we go on?

Fathers and Founders of the London Missionary Society, by J. Morrison, D.D.—The first part of this work has hardly fulfilled our expectations. Circumstances have given Dr. Morrison very enviable facilities for writing the history of the moral revolution produced by the exertions of Whitfield and the Wesleys, but he has not availed himself of them to the extent we think desirable: instead of facts, he gives us generalities, and instead of disquisition, he is too apt to present us with declamation. The movements of Christian philanthropy in our day are great moral phenomena, characteristic of the age, whose origin and progress well merit the attention of the philosophic historian, and whose ultimate tendency deserves a more cautious examination from the Christian philanthropist and the patriotic statesman than we fear it is likely to receive. There are many of Dr. Morrison's statements which we should be disposed to controvert, but it would be unfair to enter upon the criticism until the whole of his Essay is before us.

List of New Books.—Life Book of a Labourer, 7s.—Mrs. Hemans's Life and Works, Vol. I. 5s.—Sketches by Box, new edit. 1 vol. 8vo. 21s.—The Stirling Peacocks, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Leigh's New Picture of London, new edit. 18mo. 10s. 6d.—Denman's Practical Obstetrics, 18mo. 5s.—Leigh's Voyages, &c. in South Australia, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Kebble's Selections from Hooker, 18mo. 3s.—Autobiography of Bishop Patrick, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Pauline's History of Hammermith, 8vo. 21s.—Bradley's Capharnaum Sermons, 3rd edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Haldane on the Romans, Vol. III. 6s.—Fair Rosamond, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Idler in Italy, new edit. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Stories of Torres Vedras, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Burke's Peetrage and Baronetage, 8vo. cl. new edit. 11. 18s.—Voyages of H.M.S. "Adventure" and "Beagle," 4 vols. 8vo. 3s. 15s.—Mushet's Wrongs of the Animal World, crown 8vo. 8s.—Summer on Apostolic Preaching, 8th edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Jackson on Wood Engraving, 8vo. hf. bd. 12. 12s. 6d.—Sherwood's History of the Fairchild Family, 12th edit. 5s.—Mantell's Geology, 2 vols. 12mo. new edit. 18s., large paper, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Davenport's Historical Class-Book, 12mo. 5s.—Cave's Primitive Christianity, new edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 9s.—Festus, a Poem, 8vo. 12s.—Smith's Discourse on Ethics, 8vo. 3s.—Coleridge's Remains, Vol. IV. 8vo. 12s.—Coleridge's Character of the Church, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Hildyard's Ancient Geography, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Sketches in Egypt and Sinai, 18mo. cl. 3s.—Hill on Cupping, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Fra Cipolla, and other Poems, by Sir J. Hammer, 8vo. 6s.—Smith's Cries of London, 4to. 11. 11s. 6d., imp. 4to. 12. 12s. 6d.—Gould's Dictionary of Painters, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. 7s.—Caulfield's Fall of Babylon, 12mo. cl. 4s. 6d.—Davidson's Difficulties of English Grammar Removed, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Hulme's Lithographic Drawing Book, Nos. I. & II., each 2s.—Story's Outlaw, a Drama, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—The Two Doves, 18mo. 9d. gilt.—Legal Guide, Vol. I. 8vo. 15s.—Hood's Own, 1 vol. 8vo. 13s.—Voage and Travels of Sir J. Maundeville, new edit. 8vo. 8s.—Lindley's Introduction to Botany, 3rd edit. 8vo. 18s.—Maugham's Questions for Articled Clerks, 12mo. 5s.—Lingard's England, new edit. Vol. XI. 5s.—Argentine, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Merivale's Prayers, 12mo. 3s.—Johnson on Life, Health, and Disease, new edit. post 8vo. 5s.—Bethune's Practical Economy, 12mo. 4s.—Daubigue's Confessions, 4s. 1s. 6d.—Shelley's Works, Vol. IV. new edit. 5s.—Wardlaw on National Church Establishments, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Key to Greenlaw's Subjunctive Mood, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Ladies' Knitting and Netting, royal 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Little Girls' Keepsake, 18mo. 2s.—Draper on the Parables, square cl. 3s. 6d.—Cookery made Easy, 18mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—More Seeds of Knowledge, square, 1s.—Corner's Sketches of Little Boys and Little Girls, each 1s. 6d.—English History for Children, 18mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—Patrick Welwood, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Sufferings of Isaac le Febvre, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—March's Hymns for the Closet, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Sabin's History of Man, 12mo. 5s.—Altar of Incense, 18mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—Brenton's Hope of the Navy, 12mo. cl. 5s.—Thwell on the Opium Trade, post 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Wilson's Stories about Dogs, square, 3s. 6d.

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SONNET.

The Remonstrance.

SURELY my pain and grief thou canst not know;
Would I had words thy wilful heart to reach,
O Fair and Dear! how canst thou vex me so,—
And crush my chained spirit with cruel speech?
How canst thou keep thy unbelief for ever,
Or even seem to doubt my doating truth—
Whilst I, with fond and unfeign'd endeavour
Wait on thy frowns,—a patient fool, in sooth!
A lover's quarrel is but perilous play,—
Nor doth such love as mine require renewal,—
Do but believe,—and I'll protest all day
If thy uncertain flame so needeth fuel:—
But whilst thou makest love, this loveless strife,
We have no hope in hope, nor life in life!

M. R.

TO W. B. IN DOMINICA.

LOVE sees no wrinkles in a face beloved,
Nor heeds, though silver doth the costlier gold
Of sunny locks alloy! Therefore I hold
Thy faith as steadfast—ne'er to be removed,
So long as Virtue keepeth from the cold,
The warm affections of the breast.—Nor sold,
Nor bought, our free-willed passion was,—
For I was poor, a bankrupt quite in health,
Nor wert thou belted by a zone of wealth,
Though opulent in youth and grace, whereas
I lacked them both. And if my furrowed brow
The dangerous dew of praise had sometimes bawled,
Thou didst not know it;—holding still unscathed
From fault or fame, a love, whose truth this strain
avows.

May, 1839.

CALDER CAMPBELL.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

PRESSED for time and limited in space last week, we could only notice Raffael's 'St. Catherine,' one out of the three pictures bought from Mr. Beckford. Let us now advert to its companions. 'The infant Baptist presented to the infant Christ,' by Garofalo. We had heard of this work as a pendant for his 'St. Augustine' (No. 81), but that is oftener sought than found: the new acquisition can no more contest with the old.

Than taper may compare with Titan's beam,
Or Adgiate pump with Aganippe's stream.
Yet has the Presentation considerable merit: a landscape seen in perspective through the architecture, forms by itself a delicate and beautiful little painting; above it the celestial group, or Glory, is full of rapturous angelic visages, and gracefulest minstrel attitudes and movements, despite of the Beatified fiddlers and kettle-drummers, in whom primitive art saw nothing risible or profane. Many heads among this burning row have the intense eye and wild-blown meteoric locks which bring to mind Correggio's ecstatic choir round his famous cupola,* and perhaps bespeak the close neighbourhood of Parma and Ferrara; but glories not dissimilar were common in works of other artists—Raffael for example, whom Garofalo imitated—and it is difficult to say whence the breath of genius came that wafted such germs of beauty, as a breeze carries flower-seeds from various fields over a whole land. Garofalo's chief talent, however, was for patriarchal, venerable heads, rather than youthful: amongst the human group beneath, every older head, besides being well painted, has a fine air and expression, while the Virgin's has an insipid, the Christ's a foolish, and the Baptist's a burlesque character. Here, likewise, we observe too much of that straining after novel effect which distinguishes Garofalo, particularly in the costume wherewith his figures are often swathed or twisted instead of clothed. Deep, and rich, and powerful colour, was his birthright from the Ferrarese school, yet some want of skill, as to what is called "degradation," made part of the heritage: owing to this defect, the landscape just mentioned appears inside the room rather than without, a feebleness reigns over the middle ground, and a patchiness cuts up the entire picture. Better judges may think better of it. It is on panel, and from the Aldobrandini palace.

A more curious work, and to our minds of much

* The two clusters of 'Heads,' Nos. 7 and 37, may be consulted as good and very precious copies of originals now no more.

higher pretensions, is by Mazzolino di Ferrara—the so-called 'St. Francis adoring the Infant Saviour.' We doubt the propriety of this appellation, and altogether deny its adequacy. The subject strikes us to be far more important. Besides the Holy Family, and Angels, and a Saint, (in whom we can recognize neither the *stigmata* nor the costume of St. Francis, over the Virgin's head are seen in succession the Spiritual Dove, and God the Father, and the heavenly Choir, forming a comprehensive, systematic representation. It comes nearer the kind of picture entitled a 'Trinity'—though from Mary playing so principal a part in it, as she does in the Romish religion, *Quaternity* would be a still more applicable name. Piercing or issuing out of the Saint's breast is a pencil of sunbeams, with a small face at the nucleus, scarce visible through the radiance: this may perhaps typify the Saint's fervour of worship, or divine illumination, as it points towards the Saviour. A vast deal of thought, sometimes over-refined, pervades antique pictures. Unless, however, the Catalogue have been recently put to rights, visitors may be much misled by an unaccountable error in it—that Mazzolino died A.D. 1415, more than a hundred years too soon, and long before oil painting, the art he practised, was known among the Italians! His present work, for all its antiquated look, is possibly not even so old as Raffael's 'St. Catherine,' painted full twenty-three years previous to Mazzolino's death. We are particular in rectifying this mistake, because it gives quite a false view of the Ferrarese artist's relative merit, and the state of provincial Italian painting contemporaneous with Raffael.† If Florence, Rome, Bologna, Venice, Milan, stand as the capitals of art, Perugia, Ferrara, &c. as provincial towns, we shall find the antique, traditional, mother-church style continued here, long after it was exploded there; through the same love, and hatred, of all old customs, which distinguish stagnant civilization, and progressive, the province and the metropolis: hence we perceive how Mazzolino's picture may belong to the antique and Raffael's to the modern style of art, even though the latter production were the earlier. Garofalo's work likewise, probably from its excellence one of his best time—that is, after he had studied under Raffael, nay, which begins about the date of Raffael's death—has a strong cast of the antique, derived from his provincial education at Ferrara. Raffael, by genius and early visits to Florence, overcame his provincialism, but our two Ferrarese not having had either advantage, never surmounted theirs throughout their lives. Both were, no doubt, men of great talents; both mannerists, the peculiarity of Mazzolino never descending into affectation like his compatriot, nor like it rising at times into singular poetic grandeur. Both have an architectural turn, perhaps derived from the Umbrian Piero della Francesca, who dwelt and wrought at Ferrara; from Mantegna's practice of what we may call pictorial bas-relief, Mazzolino seems to have caught his taste for it, as exemplified in all the pictures by him we have met with. He had another goit quite his own—that of contrasting a strong whitish ground with dark-vested and dark-blooded groups, or vice versa: this is effective and full of character, but gives his figures an inlaid look, his contours much hardness. The burnt flesh tone of Mazzolino was a general Ferrarese goit, or, indeed, early Lombard, which may be detected as prevalent from Venice to Genoa, from Milan to Bologna, even so late as Giorgione, Bassano, Paul Veronese, whose imbrued "carnations" are more or less adust; but this hotness of colour had its focus at Ferrara. Its fine sombre hue harmonizes well with the dim reli-

† Let us assist the Catalogue on its very measured progress to perfection, as far as a landmark or two more. After the name of another Ferrarese artist, Ercole Grandi (No. 73), the blanks left for dates may be filled up thus: Born 1491, Died 1531. Both he and Mazzolino were pupils of the one master, Lorenzo Costa. We do not, however, insure the 'Conversion of St. Paul' as a genuine Ercole di Ferrara. No. 21 contains an oversight pregnant with similar false consequences to those specified above: a portrait of the admirable, but earlier, hard Florentine style, appears under the name—'Bronzino (Christofano Allori)'—comparatively a modern and modern-like painter, grand-nephew of the real painter Angelo Bronzino, who died before Christofano was born. Besides, the name comprises a double error, as not *Christofano*, but his father *Alessandro Allori*, was called Bronzino after Angelo. We, therefore, recommend the birth and death years of the wrong painter, 1577 and 1620, to be changed into 1502 and 1571, those (or about those) of the right one.

gious light of a Gothic chapel, though exaggerated by Mazzolino; we could almost conjecture him to have suited his works for such depositaries, where the strong reds would become mellowed and wonderfully enriched, whilst his whitish ground would make each picture a luminous point of attraction in whatever dusky recess it were immured. The Virgin is not so gracious or majestic a form as that of No. 82, but the Saint is a venerable figure, delineated with great force and inspired with great feeling. We observed that the outlines cut too much upon the panel; was this also to adapt it for a dim-windowed oratory or other dark receptacle? Beyond dispute it could never have been meant for a gallery picture; and when any work by Mazzolino could, his sacred style may have influenced his secular. Visitors will observe the delicate mesh-work of gold woven through the coloured draperies, gleaming forth every now and then, and enhancing their lustre. However illegitimate we may consider this method of embellishment, let us bear in mind that the purity of Greek taste did not reject it: besides gowns and mantles, and mere accessories, statues and temples themselves were gilt by Phidias and the classic artists, as, among other numerous testimonies, the Correspondence from Athens in our last number establishes.

Appropos of the preceding subject, we could wish to see a small department of real *Antique Masterpieces* added to our National Collection. Though, as we have admitted, very good after their kind, Garofalo's works belong to the transition class, the hybrid mixture of modern with antique, of Raffael's classic with the primitive monastic: Mazzolino's works, besides indicating the large "sfumato" style of Da Vinci, (who founded, it may be said, modern art,) do not rank among antique masterpieces. The department should comprise, if possible, a few first-rate specimens by Fra Beato, Gian Bellini, Francesco Francia, Perugino, Van Eyck, Hemlinck, &c. Such an addition would exhibit the commencement of art—the beautiful infancy, on some accounts at least far preferable to its adult state—while its perfection would be displayed by so many of the present assemblage, Titians, Correggios, &c., and its declension by not a few—e.g. the Northumbrian pictures, chiefly of value for that purpose. Our Gallery would thus become from a labyrinth a chronological school of art, as well as a public show, and lounge, and assignation-place, and refuge for the destitute of ideas and objects. But such a department would work the far more desirable end of refining popular taste: forcing it to acknowledge, after some time, how much purer and deeper the charms of that simple, primitive style, than those of the sensual, superficial modern. Debauched as taste has been in England by a succession of florid colourists—first inflamed to enthusiasm by the drunken revels of Rubens's bacchanalian genius, bewildered then by the dazzling blazonry of Reynolds's pencil, and by the effeminate blandishments of Lawrence's yet further perverted—it was a natural and gradual decline into the love of tawdriness and flutter, and voluptuous sentimentalism, which distinguishes public opinion about art now-a-days: nothing but a long contemplation of models altogether diverse from these will serve to exalt and chasten what is thus degraded and meretricious. Let such models, we say again, be procured: the Committee should rather lead than follow popular fancy, as they form, it may be said, part of the Ministry for Public Instruction with regard to the Fine Arts.

An 'Adoration of the Kings,' by Baldassare Peruzzi, ornaments the Corridore. It is a fine drawing, somewhat injured, which exhibits the talents of this rare artist even better than the painting made after it. We may class it likewise among transition works, as it seeks to unite the multifarious pregnancy and naïf expression of the antique style with the design of Raffael. A present from Lord Vernon.

While on this subject of art, we may announce the death of Cardinal Fesch, and take leave to hint to the Committee, that should his cabinet be sold, it will offer an irrecoverable opportunity to provide our collection with more than one *Fra Beato*, besides various other treasures of Italian and Flemish workmanship. A magnificent Rembrandt landscape, a *Pordenone*, Poussin, Rubens, were among them, and no doubt are so, as his Eminence was not, like many an Italian prince, a titled picture-dealer.

The new number of the *Foreign Quarterly* is less to our liking than usual, because it is less what it professes to be,—a journal of foreign literature. In the number, and tone likewise, of its articles, addressed to English party politicians, it resembles a jolly-boat to some of our great critical men of war, rather than the peaceable merchant-ship engaged in the carrying trade of European knowledge and goodwill. We take it for granted, however, that our contemporary, in assuming a new complexion is but obeying the impulse of a trade wind, and is only bringing to market what his market demands. Our opinions, however, of the career chalked out for a "Foreign Quarterly" has a high reach, and we should grieve to see it departed from for want of encouragement. Such a journal should serve as a sort of literary Panopticon, affording to its reader a distinct view of the state of mind of the several European communities: and for the accomplishment of this purpose the first step lies in a judicious selection of subjects. Of the immense number of works usually printed on the continent, very few deserve the notice of Englishmen, as possessing an interest different from that of similar productions of their own press. On the other hand, there are some, which, as contributions to the general stock of knowledge, as illustrations of some particular phasis of intellect, or as opening some new vein of thought or inquiry, are most important; and from a judicious selection of this latter class alone, a respectable degree of information may be collected as to the intellectual progress of nations, and a basis laid for the formation of an European opinion, calculated to mitigate the prejudices and the narrowness incidental to views exclusively national. It is for books of this description that we, as readers, habitually turn to the *Foreign Quarterly*, and whenever a new number is deficient in this staple, we are disposed, as in the present instance, to indulge in the reader's privilege of grumbling.

M. Agassiz has been elected Corresponding Member of the Zoological Department of the French Academy of Sciences, having gained his election by one vote only, over Prince Charles Bonaparte.

THE MODEL OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO is now exhibiting at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY, by Natural and Brilliant Artificial Light, from Ten o'clock in the Morning until Nine in the Evening.—Admission 1s. each.

"In this beautiful work of art the illusion is perfect; the spectator actually

—stands upon the plain of skulls.
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!"
—he feels around him a sense of reality that the most accurately drawn plan could not convey. If he be a military man, he has the great game laid down for him; a scale that admits of his seeing not only the moves, but the intentions that dictated them, and the consequences by which they must be followed. If the looker-on be only a civilian, he will find in the model the opportunity of being personally a spectator of the "heady current of a fight," without any unpleasant sensation from the proximity of "those vile guns," but for which "he would himself have been a soldier." Writing *Panorama*. The model is on the scale of about nine feet to the mile, and gives a complete and most vivid representation of the scene of action, and of the critical and well-fought battle which has bestowed on this little piece of history, the celebrity of the plain of Waterloo. Every village, every house and farm-yard, every knot of trees, every undulation of surface, every field, nay, every crop of wheat, or other produce which the field bore at the time,—in short, every detail is given with the closest accuracy, from a six months' personal observation, aided by the most authentic information. The position of all the various troops engaged at the moment selected for representation is marked out with the utmost exactness, and in the most graphic manner. The models of all the buildings and natural objects, the figures of the soldiers and horses, are, in every instance, elaborately executed. The cannon can even be taken to pieces and re-fixed, precisely as in the case of actual artillery, though the models are necessarily exceedingly diminutive. *Globe*.—"The model of the Battle of Waterloo is unquestionably the most perfect, as well as the most comprehensive, object of its kind that has ever been presented to public notice;—and it claims to be looked at rather as a noble and admirable piece of history, than as a mere work of ingenuity and entertainment." "If the reader, before visiting, as he unquestionably will, this singular and extraordinary work of art, desires to gain a more specific notion of its character and result than we have hitherto given him, he has only to fancy himself the temporary occupant of Mr. Green's balloon, at an elevation of a thousand or so of feet above the field of Waterloo, at a quarter past seven o'clock in the day of the 18th of June, 1815. We venture to say, that such a 'bird's-eye' view of the battle would not have given a more distinct and picturesque, and scarcely a more true notion of the scene, than he will obtain from Lieut. Siborn's admirable and unequalled model." *Naval and Military Gazette*.—"A most accurate and faithful representation of this great battle, likely to rivet the popularity of the French drama, and to make the scene itself very striking, and, we are told, is a perfect coup-d'œil of the affair it professes to represent; while the details are altogether admirable from the finish and identity that have been insured by the labours of so many years. The smoke is formed by cotton of the finest texture, attenuated to an almost impalpable substance, like what poets call 'woven air'; the growing wheat, barley, tares, &c., and the position of all the buildings, over which, by the aid of a glass, and by reference to the printed map and description, the spectator can proceed through each memorable event, recognizing the conspicuous personage, by whom 'the current of the heady fight' was illustrated." "If we believe there is no plan in existence at all approximating in size to the Waterloo Model, which is nine feet to a mile, with the exception of the view of the Pyramids of Egypt in the Bibliothèque du Roi, at Paris; that, however, is scarcely a quarter of the dimensions of the one in Piccadilly."—*Atlas*.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, is NOW OPEN. Open each day from Nine till Dusk. Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. R. HILLS, Sec.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, (adjoining the British Institution), from Nine o'clock till Dusk.—Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. JAMES FAHEY, Hon. Sec.

JUST OPENED.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.
NEW EXHIBITION.—THE CORONATION OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, in Westminster Abbey, and the INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA CHROCE, at Florence, with all the effects of Light and Shade from Noon till Midnight. Both Paintings are by LE CHEVALIER BOUTON.—Open from Ten till Five.

ROYAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, ADELAIDE STREET, WEST STRAND.
Brilliant Exhibition of Optical Phenomena, by means of Mr. Goddard's Polariscopes, Musical Performance on the Aeolophone, by Mr. Warner, of the Temple. The only living specimen of the celebrated Electric Eel ever brought to this country, completing the extensive means for showing Electricity and Magnetism for which this Institution is distinguished. The interesting exhibition of the Invisible Girl, as well as numerous other attractive novelties, in addition to the Steam Gun, Microscope, &c. &c.—Open daily at Ten A.M. Admittance, 1s.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 8.—The Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—Three communications were read:—

1. 'On Casts or Impressions of Vermiform Bodies on thin Flagstones, belonging to the Carboniferous series near Haltwhistle in Northumberland,' by Mr. G. C. Atkinson. The bed of sandstone is about eighteen feet thick, and the surface of the layers of which it is composed, present, in almost every instance, tortuous impressions, or casts marked by a longitudinal furrow, and occasional transverse closely set lines.

2. 'On the London and Plastic Clays of the Isle of Wight,' by Mr. Bowerbank. The object of this communication was, to show that there is no zoological distinction between the two clays, the author having found that many of the same species of testacea range through the whole series of beds in White Cliff and Alum Bays.

3. 'On the relative Ages of the Tertiary Deposits commonly called Crag, in Norfolk and Suffolk,' by Mr. Lyell. Three points of great importance relative to the crag of Norfolk and Suffolk are discussed in this memoir.—1st. The direct superposition of the red to the coralline crag, as pointed out by Mr. Charlesworth in 1835. 2ndly. Whether mammalia are really imbedded in undisturbed marine strata of the crag of Norfolk. 3rdly. Whether the proportion of recent shells, as compared to the extinct, is decidedly larger in the crag of Norfolk, so as to indicate a posteriority in age relatively to the Suffolk crag. With regard to the first point, Mr. Lyell states, that the red crag is clearly superimposed on the coralline at Ramsholt, Tattingstone, and Sudbourn, resting at the two former localities on denuded beds of the lower deposit. He ascertained, also, by the assistance of Mr. W. Colchester, that at Sutton, near Woodbridge, the red crag abuts against a vertical face or cliff of the coralline, and likewise overlies it. In this instance, the sand which composes the older bed, or coralline crag, had evidently acquired a certain consistency at the bottom of the sea before the red crag was deposited, for it has been perforated by numerous pholades, the tortuous holes of which descend six or eight feet below the top of the bed, and still contain the shells of the pholades, while the remainder of the cylindrical hollows has been filled with the sand of the superincumbent stratum. With regard to the second point, the occurrence of mammalia in undisturbed beds of marine crag in Norfolk, Mr. Lyell states, that he had ascertained, by an examination of this crag near Southwold and Norwich, that it is not purely marine, but contains everywhere an intermixture of land, freshwater, and sea shells, with bones of mammalia and fishes. In this deposit near Southwold, Capt. Alexander, who accompanied the author, found, some time since, the tooth of a horse, within a large specimen of *Fusus striatus*, and he informed Mr. Lyell that bones of mammalia are frequently associated in the same beds with those of fishes, marine shells, and crustaceans. In the neighbourhood of Norwich, this deposit forms patches of variable thickness, resting on chalk and covered by gravel. It is well exposed at Bramerton, Whit-

lingham, Thorpe, and Postwick, and presents beds of sand, loam, and gravel, containing a mixture of marine, terrestrial, and fluviatile testacea, ichthyolites, and bones of mammalia. The chalk on which it rests was shown, by the late Mr. Woodward, to have been drilled by marine animals: and the Rev. Mr. Clewes, of Yarmouth, presented Mr. Lyell with a specimen of chalk containing a *Pholas crispatus* in a perforation several inches deep. That this portion of the crag was slowly accumulated, is evident from Capt. Alexander having found, at Bramerton, the tusk of an elephant, with many serpulæ on its surface; and, from this fact, Mr. Lyell infers that the bones of quadrupeds were really washed down into the sea or estuary of the Norfolk crag, and were not subsequently introduced into the deposit by diluvial action. The freshwater shells are rare in the neighbourhood of Norwich in comparison with the marine, and the terrestrial species are still more scarce. Mr. J. B. Wigham, however, has ascertained, that the freshwater testacea predominate in a bed at Thorpe. The same gentleman found at Postwick, in a stratum containing marine shells and fishes, a portion of the left side of an upper jaw of a Mastodon, containing the second true molar, and the indications in the socket of the first. This specimen Mr. Owen has been enabled to refer to the *Mastodon longirostris*, discovered at Eppelsheim. In the same bed were found the teeth and jaw of a mouse, larger than the common field species; also bones of birds, and of several species of fishes. The horns of stags, bones and teeth of the horse, pig, elephant, and other quadrupeds have been likewise detected at Postwick, Thorpe, Bramerton, &c.; and this association of the Mastodon and horse near Norwich, as well as in many other places in Europe and in America, Mr. Owen considers to be a subject of interest. The third point, respecting the relative antiquity of the Norfolk and Suffolk crag, was discussed at considerable length, and the author acknowledged the great assistance afforded him by Mr. Wigham, who has nearly doubled the number of species obtained from the former deposit near Norwich; also the aid which he has received from Mr. Searles Wood, who submitted to Mr. Lyell's examination the whole of his magnificent collection of crag shells; and from Mr. George Sowerby, to whose extensive knowledge of recent testacea the author stated that he is indebted for a rigid determination of the existing shells found in the crag. The number of well-defined species in the Norfolk crag is 112, out of which eighteen are land and freshwater: compared with the Suffolk crag this number is small, but Mr. Lyell showed from the Fauna of the Baltic, that species are much less numerous in brackish than salt water, the latitude, climate, and other conditions being the same: he also showed that, in analogous deposits in the valley of the Rhine the amount of species is small. Of the ninety-four marine shells, seventy occur in the red crag, and therefore it might be inferred, that the two deposits are nearly of the same age; but in the Norfolk beds the recent species, both of freshwater and marine testacea, amount to between fifty and sixty per cent., and are nearly all British shells; whereas in the red crag, there are only thirty per cent., and in the coralline but twenty. This comparatively recent origin of the Norfolk deposit, had been previously inferred by Mr. Charlesworth, from the general character of the fossils. In the examination of the collections which led to the above results, the greatest care was taken to reject those shells, which might have been washed out of the red crag into the Norfolk beds, or those species which apparently did not live in the waters which deposited this division of the crag. From the numerical proportion of recent testacea, Mr. Lyell infers, that the coralline and red crag belong to his Miocene division of the tertiary series, and the Norfolk strata to his older Pliocene: he also showed, that the lacustrine beds at Grays, in Essex, and many other places, constitute another link in the geological sequence of formations, as they contain ninety per cent. of recent testacea, and must consequently be referred to the newer Pliocene epoch. Lastly, a comparison of the crag with the tertiary strata of the faluns of Touraine, has convinced Mr. Lyell that M. Desnoyers was right in considering the Suffolk and Touraine deposits to be of the same age, although he formerly dissented from that conclusion.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Institute of British Architects.....	Eight, P.M.
	Geographical Society.....	Nine.
TUES.	Institution of Civil Engineers.....	Eight.
	Zoological Society (Sci. Bus.).....	4 p. Eight.
WED.	Society of Arts.....	7 p. Seven.
THUR.	Royal Society.....	8 p. Eight.
	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight.
FRI.	Royal Institution.....	4 p. Eight.

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE resume our notes at the entrance of the great room, for the purpose of comparing Mr. Knight's *Broken Heart* (20) with Mr. J. C. Horsley's *Pride of the Village* (58)—two versions of the same passage, from one of Washington Irving's sentimental sketches. All the ghastliness of death is to be found in Mr. Knight's composition, but without that graceful and delicate veil which the American has thrown over it. The forsaken girl is sitting alone, propped in her chair, and warmly wrapt, though on a summer's day, (in Mr. Horsley's picture, she is leaning against her mother's shoulder,) with quiet despair and death in every trait of her wan countenance. Before the window, her parents are seated, side by side, endeavouring to derive comfort and resignation from the open Bible before them: while between the two stands a rosy country girl—the blenheim of the composition, because her attitude and dress form the exceptional conventionalism in a work otherwise remarkable for its homely fidelity. As regards its colouring, Mr. Knight's picture wants air: it has a certain dinginess of tone, which makes it less pleasing to the eye than Mr. Horsley's, though in its literal truth it has the advantage. In the picture of the younger artist, there is great sweetness in the countenance of the dying girl, but, both from her air and the cast of her beauty, she might be the *Pride of the Hall*, rather than of the *Village*. The sorrow, too, of her mother is tempered by a refinement belonging rather to the American sketch-book than to the English cottage; but the arrangement of the figures, the management of the light, and the care with which all the accessories have been studied, make it a work pleasing, and creditable to the taste of its painter. We must return for one moment to Mr. Knight, to mention favourably his *Mohammed Hofiz* (421)—a turbaned Arab head, painted with force and richness.

Mr. Leslie has four cabinet pictures in the great room. Two of these (57 and 82) belong to the class of pretty insipidities, being devoted to love passages slyly maintained between gentlemen and ladies, tricked out in stage magnificence, neither party the least in earnest, or in the least resembling personages of any age, court, or country whatsoever. We might lament as weaked, were it Mr. Leslie's racy humour? where his feeling for the beauty of youth, and health, and cheerfulness?—if two single heads, *Sancho Panza* (125) and *Dulcinea del Toboso* (144), did not furnish us as pleasant a reply as we could desire. The first exhibits the sententious governor of Barataria barked at his repast by the intrusive hand of the physician, who waves from before him all the appetizing viands he had been contemplating with such relish; the second,—not as the goddess of the Don's magnificent fantasy, but in her real guise as the peasant girl who rode to mass or market on "her pied belfry," arranging her hair, not to tempt bold knights to gentle deeds, but to insure the more equal and substantial wooing of the chosen Gil or Juan. We are sorry to observe, that Mr. Leslie's scarlet fancy in flesh-colouring is rather on the increase:—let him carry it a little further, and the critic must needs talk of the geraniums, not the roses, on the cheeks of his maidens.

We announced last week the return of Mr. Collins. He has brought back a portfolio, filled with sketches of Italian figures and Italian landscape features, as the pictures numbered 90, 211, 366, agreeably attest; but he has not brought back with him the sun and the sky of Italy. The grey atmosphere of the north is over all the three pictures, excellent though they be in the character and costume of these wayfarers and children. Mr. Uwins, whose Italian scenes are always acceptable, runs into the opposite extreme; see his peasants *Gathering Oranges, Capo di Monte* (166), his *Neapolitan Peasants dancing the Tarantella* (180), and yet most, his *Bay of Naples* (210), which hangs, as if to provoke contrast, close to one of Mr. Collins's green-grey

Italian landscapes. In his *Young Neapolitan returning from the Festa di St. Antonio* (119), Mr. Uwins reproduces his favourite cherubic type of childish beauty and innocence, which has, however, now lost the charm of novelty. A head, far prettier, though still something affected, is that of the child (469), the *Chapeau de Brigand*—a merry little elf, who has entered the artist's studio in his absence, and decked herself, at the expense of his lay-figure, with hat, scarf, and feather.

Mr. E. Landseer's pictures, excepting perhaps his *Corstean, Russian, and Fallow Deer* (222), in which there is an admirable open-air freshness, are universally admitted to be less excellent than those which he has exhibited in former years. One of them, *Van Amburgh and his Animals* (351), though all justice is done to the subject, is, to our thinking, as the real exhibition was, repulsive rather than pleasing—at best, a waste of talent.

Besides the great historical picture by Mr. Hart, mentioned in our former notice, he exhibits a smaller composition (187), of some pretension. It is Eleanor sucking the poison from the wound of her husband, whose assassination had been attempted by a fanatic Mohammedan—an incident from the days of the Crusades, which suggested to Sir Walter Scott one of the most vivid scenes in his 'Talisman.' With great richness of colour and costume, and attention to variety in its disposition, this picture is, at best, but a gay failure. Edward droops on his couch too sentimentally for one so stalwart; his wife, while applying her lips to his arm, looks up in his face with a countenance of mistrust rather than of love; and in attempting to paint her Saxon beauty, the artist has made her a Saxon milkmaid; while the countenance of the turbaned and bearded physician holding up the flask of balsam behind the monarch's couch, (a far-off reflection of one of Rembrandt's old men,) is distorted rather than quickened by speculation. We passed from this picture—which is as agreeable to the eye, but almost as unsatisfactory to the mind, as a painted bunch of tulips—to another, than which a stronger contrast could not be found; we mean (204) M. H. Scheffer's *Protestant Preacher during the Dragonades*; one of the most remarkable works in the exhibition, and, as such, surely deserving a better position than it occupies; whether for its merit, or from the courteous reception due to its foreign parentage. M. Scheffer is as self-denying in all the vanities of rich colour, as Mr. Hart is extravagant. A sad and sombre tone, it is true, best befits the character of his subject; but, beyond this reasonable pertinence, his picture looks hard, and flat, and faded, among its more generally-painted neighbours; and thus (and from the unpleasantly low place it occupies) it may possibly be passed over, by more than one casual visitor. But it deserves attentive and respectful consideration, if character, and intelligence, and unexaggerated truth are claims which go for anything. The preacher stands with his back to the spectator, and his profile is so deeply shaded that we can but divine what the play of his features must be, from the influence which his impressive countenance, and his yet more impressive words are exercising upon his small congregation. Never was attention better portrayed: the soldier in his buff coat, the mother with the child at her breast, the maiden, though at an age when what is stern and solemn is generally superficial in its effect, are all fixing their hearts with an earnest assent and reliance upon the preacher's discourse: and that he is telling them how "faithfulness in death shall be recompensed by the crown of life," might be surely divined from their pale countenances and their mourning garb, which tell of persecution, and bereavement, and suffering. It is the predominance of the intellectual over the material—of character over colouring—in this picture, which makes us strongly recommend it, to our artists as well as our amateurs, in contrast with Mr. Hart's clever piece of colour.

If there be any among our rising painters in whose direction Stothard's mantle may have fallen, Mr. Herbert, we think, is the man. A small picture, *Constance*, (109) displays a lady, leaning up against the dungeon-grate which confines her lover, and passing food to him through the bars; in the grace of her figure, and the delicacy of her expression, reminding us of those whom the Decameron painter loved to draw. The advantage of correctness, how-

ever, is on Mr. Herbert's side, and there is nothing of imitation to be charged upon him: the spirit, only, is the same: possibly the result of a like organization, and a like preference in the manner of study. But the comparison, which is one of pleasant augury, will, we think, be yet further justified by Mr. Herbert's *Brides of Venice* (409), which is treated with a picturesque subtlety, winning largely upon the gazer, who, at first, may conceive the picture chargeable with formality. The barge, containing the Venetian maidens, robed in white and decked with their most gorgeous jewellery, occupies the centre of the picture; winding down the canal towards the distance is the Bucentaur, followed by a barque filled with ecclesiastics, while the prow of a gondola in the foreground, one or two rowing figures, and one or two parties of spectators advancing, though with no harsh prominence, into the picture, carry on the idea of the procession, and give the fancy most pleasant occupation. There is a slight tendency towards the straight lines of monumental sculpture in Mr. Herbert's female figures, especially remarkable among the "Brides," which we observe, fearing that it may become a manner with him; but that he can cast his figures into attitudes of any required boldness, the gaily-vested gondoliers in the foreground sufficiently attest—while we cannot but instance the little serious child, to the right of the picture, who waves his baby gonfalon as importantly as if the pageant could not go on without his presence,—as a proof that Mr. Herbert, besides the general idea of grace, possesses that delicate insight into nature, which may lead him on to works far superior to the one under admiration. From speaking of a painter in whose work his Italian studies have left traces more than usually clear, it is but natural that we pass to Mr. Severn—another artist of like sympathies; but whose *Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner* (264) proves him to be possessed of the more exuberant imagination. This picture was so fully discussed (*Athenæum*, No. 336) in a letter from our Roman correspondent, that it is needless to return to the subject. We like far less Mr. Severn's *Rienzi* (281), for manner is therein pushed to an obtrusive point—there is a dryness of outline, and a hot flatness of colour, due compensation for which is not forthcoming either in the general composition of the picture or in its individual heads and figures. *Rienzi* himself was not a very graceful actor of melo-drama, if we are to accept Mr. Severn's vision of him.

With a few productions, illustrating picturesque incidents connected with art, poetry, and romance, we shall close this section of our labours. The first is the *Quentin Matsys* (377), by Mr. Redgrave; the point of time chosen being the moment when the ex-blacksmith, whom love has made a painter, withdraws the curtain from his inimitable "Misers," to claim the promised guerdon from the hands of the old artist, whose daughter, the while he gazes, lingers agitated behind his chair. In this picture, the lover's part is the worst filled, the old man's the best. He glows with a professional curiosity and eagerness upon the work exhibited to his inspection—thinking rather of tone and contour, and detail and balance of colour, than the miracle which has converted the Romeo of the anvil into the Romeo of the palette, forgetting that there is one behind him, playing with her gold chain to beguile her pretty impatience, till the moment when he must give his consent. This old painter's figure gives good promise for Mr. Redgrave. In his *Olivia's Return to her Parents* (506), from the Vicar of Wakefield, though he has entered into his characters with a close appreciation of their beautiful simplicity—witness the repentant Olivia and the sympathetic Sophia, marshalled by the innocent Moses, who screens a blush with his three-cornered hat, while he announces their entrance—witness the compassionate child at the fireside, who kneels to the strict owner of the crimson paduasoy, to induce her to forgive her erring daughter—he has taken too great liberties with his author, in making Dr. Primrose sit demurely beside his inflexible wife, while such a scene is going on. We are bound to note the fault, because Mr. Redgrave is an aspirant, and not an unsuccessful one, to the merits which belong to nature faithfully portrayed, and an incident graphically narrated. A picture of the same order, though a degree higher in its class of subject, is

Mr. Cowper's *Othello relating his Adventures* (394). Here again we have a composition of three figures: here again the *Brabantio* of the group—"the old man," whose daughter the impassioned Moor seduces by his tales of hair-breadth 'scapes, is the most happily rendered,—the gravity, the deliberate attention, and something of the mistrust of age, being blended in his features, and in the composed but not relaxed attitude of the white-haired patrician, as he listens, supporting the fair-haired girl who clings to him:—eye, and ear, and heart, being all given to the narrator, and given past recall. Othello is, perhaps, too young, too much of a gallant. Nevertheless the picture is one of good promise, and very delicately painted. With a passing mention of Mr. Lauder's *Bride of Lammermuir* (428), in which like accuracy in story-telling is spoilt by defects of manner, and a sickly greenish tone of colouring; and Mr. Lance's *Captain Rolando showing to Gil Blas the treasures of the Cave* (455), in which the spoils are set forth with an expensive gorgeousness, for which the two figures, though not positively defective, pay, inasmuch as they are out-glared thereby,—we shall conclude our notice with Mr. Simson's *Columbus at the Convent of Santa Maria de Rabida* (519), a work of the picturesque-narrative class, in which clever composition, and agreeable contour, are in some measure neutralized by a want of careful thought and directness of purpose on the part of the artist. Columbus looks too cheerful and prosperous, his child too fresh, too little travel-worn; while Friar Juan, whose casual arrival at the moment when the future discoverer of America was asking alms, produced such magnificent results, owns a head "without speculation." We must here pause for the present.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, *THE PROVOKED HUSBAND*: with (first time in England) the Alpine Singers, Herr Hellwig, Herr Augustin, Herr Schmidt, and Madame Schmidt; and AMÉLIE, (for the Benefit of Mr. Willmott, Stage Director). On Monday, (last time) *THE TWO FOSCARI*; and *FRA DIAVOLO*. Tuesday, *AS YOU LIKE IT*; and in Two Acts, *THE SLAVE*, (for the Benefit of Miss Rainforth). Wednesday, (last time) *THE TEMPEST*; and *THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO*. Thursday, *THE LADY OF LYONS*; *INKLE AND YARICO*; and *SAYINGS AND DOINGS*.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The late THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, Esq. The Nobility and Gentry are respectfully informed that it is proposed to give, under high and distinguished patronage, A GRAND DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL PERFORMANCE at this Theatre, on FRIDAY, June 7, 1839, for the BENEFIT of the WIDOW and CHILDREN of the above named Poet and Dramatic Author, whose long illness terminating in his lamented death, has thrown his pecuniary affairs into a state of embarrassment, from which it is the object and hope of the promoters of the present undertaking to relieve them. The most handsome offers of professional support and assistance are already coming rapidly in, and the general esteem in which Mr. Haynes Bayly's Poetical Works were held, together with the great popularity of his Dramatic Writings, afford the strongest grounds for believing that this appeal to the best sympathies of the Public will be one of the most successful that has been made for many years. The Entertainments will consist of TWO of Mr. BAYLY'S DRAMAS, one to be performed by the Grand Opera Company, and one by the Olympic Company; and between the Dramas, A CONCERT will be given, in which some of the first Talent in the Country Vocal and Instrumental—English and Foreign, will assist. A host of Professors have kindly volunteered to form a Committee for the Management of the Concert, and all requisite attention will be given to the Dramatic portion, by the Members of the Dramatic Authors' Society. Mr. Bunn has most handsomely given the gratuitous use of Drury Lane Theatre, and Madame Vestris and Mr. Webster have with like liberality offered every facility with reference to the assistance of the Olympic and Haymarket Companies.

MORI'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY, June 5, at half-past one o'clock.—Mmes. Grisi and Persiani will sing the duetto "Se fuggire," Mmes. Persiani and Pauline Garcia the duett "Lasciami non ascoltare"; Madame Dorus-Gras prima donna of the French Grand Opera, Paris; two celebrated Songs, and the duett "Sal l'aria" with Madame Stockhausen; also a selection from Mozart's Figaro. Grisi, Persiani, Pauline Garcia, Dorus-Gras, Stockhausen, Momani, E. Grisi, and Miss F. Wyndham; Rubini, Ivanoff, Tamburini, Lablache, and F. Lablache. Dohler a Grand Fantasia on the Piano-forte; Haymann (the celebrated Belgian violinist) a Grand Fantasia; A Grand Duet for two Flutes by Madame Dulcken and M. Dohler; Grand Concertante for four Violins—David, Mori, Blagrove, and Mori, jun.; Messrs. J. B. Chatterton and Richardson a Concertante Duet for Harp and Flute. The Orchestra will be on a grand scale.—Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets and Programmes, to be had of Mori & Lavenue, 28, New Bond-street. An early application is requested.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The sixth concert was not remarkable. Nothing much more familiar could well be found among Beethoven's symphonies than his 'Pastorale,' exquisite as it always is,—or among Mozart's, than the symphony in E flat,—or among overtures, than 'Der Freischütz' (which was taken much too slow) and 'Anacronon.' Have Mendelssohn's admirable compositions been shelved by the Directors for the year?—In the first act, a Mile. Lewig performed a pianoforte concerto by Ries—by no means one of that unequal master's best compositions:—

the young lady, too, we are sorry to say, possessed no one requisite to entitle her to a hearing in the Philharmonic orchestra: there are a score of resident pianists—to say nothing of worthier visitors to the metropolis, to whom such favoritism gives the right of complaint. It is by such mistakes as these that the Society is helping itself down hill so rapidly. In the second act we heard more of M. Haumann's violin playing, and the more we hear, the less we like it. A brilliant *staccato*, which unquestionably he possesses, is a poor substitute for solidity of style and taste in expression: moreover, an artist so ambitious in his essays at execution has no business to attempt double-stop passages if he play them out of tune, and this was constantly the case on Monday evening. M. Haumann, however, was very well received. The most interesting novelty of the evening was the singing of Mad. Dorus-Gras, which possesses a value beyond its own intrinsic brilliancy and finish, as exciting attention to the French school of dramatic music,—a matter we have much at heart. Madame Dorus has neither the spontaneous sweetness of tone indigenous among the Italians, nor that deep and fervent pathos which made us forgive (in a concert room) Schroeder's great deficiency in vocal cultivation. She is essentially French; but, withal, as the French would phrase it, a conscientious artist—true in her intonation—firm and fearless in attacking her notes—composed and ample in the measurement of her time—and in her passages of execution, voluble, exact, and easy, with just so much national piquancy as distinguishes 'La Muette' from 'Guillaume Tell.' Once or twice, it is true, there was no shutting our ears to a note, which made us conceive what the 'urlo Francese' must have been in the old days of rigorous French singing: but, with this slight drawback, we know not when we have heard a brilliant singer, more individual and less mechanical: and because of her nationality, which is also evidenced in the choice of her songs—Alice's first romance from 'Robert le Diable,' and a *cavatina* from Auber's 'Cheval de Bronze,' in which a Chinese Mrs. Barnaby expatiates upon the peculiarities of widowhood, in *rotondes* every note of which brings the 'Opéra Comique' before us—do we welcome Madame Dorus most heartily as an acquisition. The other singer of the evening was M. Ivanoff. Mr. Cooke led, and Mr. Potter conducted the concert.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Three benefit Concerts, given since our last notice was written, deserve remark,—each having its own distinctive features of interest. *Signor Modena's* was starred by all the Italian operatic choir—Mde. Grisi excepted; the best musical exhibition in its scheme being Madame Persiani's great song from 'Beatrice di Tenda,' which, as a specimen of fancy and finish thrown away on the most insipid music, is all but unrivalled. Between the acts, Sig. Modena recited several passages from the 'Inferno,' giving them with dramatic action and emphasis. Though we felt that his attitudes, gestures, and declamation were too fierce and furious to excite any of those finer and more subtle emotions which form part of the pleasure of an intellectual audience, as distinguished from the more impulsive admiration of those in whom instinct stands in place of thought and experience—there was much to strike, much that was suggestive in his performance (for performance it amounted to). In the evening of the same day, *Madame Dulcken* gave her Concert, with all the best vocalists in town but the opera singers—and the attractions of her own pianoforte playing, and the admirable violin playing of her brother. Of the former, we have often spoken, as the most masterly performance on her instrument, by a woman, with which we are familiar,—masterly as regards brilliancy, à la plomb, and vivacity, and only failing in that fulness of expression which every year we increasingly seek in music, as the one thing needful. On Wednesday, *M. Benedict* gave his Concert: besides his own claims on the public as a composer and performer (of his admirable qualities as an accompanist we have elsewhere spoken), his programme was full of extraneous attraction. In performance of its promises, we had Mmes. Grisi, P. rsiani, and Albertazzi singing their very best, as if each was resolved to lose no part of her hold upon the good graces of the public, now that a dangerous rival has appeared in Mdle. Pauline Garcia. Her share of the

concert, namely, Costa's 'Suon profondo' and Rossini's 'Lasciami' (with Persiani) was the most extraordinary musical exhibition we can recollect. Not being hampered by the exigencies of the stage, Mdlle. Garcia justified, to the very highest point, all the praise we had bestowed upon her, as a thoroughly finished singer, animated by original conceptions and an intensity of feeling, which many a popular veteran has wholly failed to accomplish—and this at the early age of seventeen, in her first season of intercourse with the public! It was a severe trial to measure herself with an artist so consummately polished as Persiani, but it was a trial from which she came out triumphantly. Let her only distrust all strange and startling ornament (howsoever tempted she be by the possession of her immense resources, natural and acquired), and she may become the greatest singer of her century. The instrumental part of M. Benedict's Concert was also interesting. Besides a duet between the *beneficitaire* and Mr. Blagrove, we had a grand pianoforte fantasia by M. Döhler, who has gained, since we last heard him, force and neatness, Maurer's concertante for four violins, shortened and excellently played by Herr David, Messrs. Mori (father and son), and Blagrove, and a fantasia on the violoncello, by M. A. Batta. This was, in every respect, more successful than M. Batta's Philharmonic performance:—a *pot pourri*, on themes from 'I Puritani,' it is true, is less exacting than a solo by Bernard Romberg; but we had all that fullness of expression, that certainty in producing effects, that unity of style (though the style be somewhat too vocal, and, as such, according to our standard, not the highest), that enthusiasm of passion, which had struck us upon hearing M. Batta in private.

An occasional farce has been the only dramatic novelty at any of the theatres for weeks past; though too trifling in themselves to bear separate mention, they are sufficiently lively, and we, therefore, group them together by way of chronicling the current fun. The 'Sayings and Doings' at Covent Garden want the barbed point of Hook, though the title serves for a bait. 'The Happy Man' has the Power of making others merry, if not happy, and he exerts this genial influence over the visitors of the Haymarket very successfully. The "shirt of the happy man" is still to seek, however; and the Rajah, whose melancholy it was to cure, is fain to be content with an apologetic collar and frill, which enables him to show a fair front to his enemy Care, as the Irish soldier had done before him. 'My Wife's Dentist' is of course Wrench, and he draws at the Haymarket every night he appears, as the frequent roars testify; the show of teeth, too, when the 'Dentist' comes on, eclipses all the ivory of St. Martin's-lane, and evinces the alacrity of the company to submit to the operator, though he makes sides as well as jaws ache. 'Meet me by Moonlight' is the invitation given by Keeley, the place being the Olympic, and the object the funny little actor himself, in the likeness of the kneeling negro balancing a sun-dial on his head in the grass plot of New Inn. How he gets there the piece explains with superfluous elaboration; but before he assumes the 'Domino Noir' in this 'Masque of Love,' he appears an enamoured Narcissus of a news-boy, slipping *billets doux* into the 'Post,' and serving a lover while he serves the 'Times.' Most ludicrous are the sighing and ogling of the love-stricken messenger of news, his bashful palpitations, and amorous languishment,—the fun of the thing being that he is made the tool of his rival and the lady all the while. The pleasant burlesque, 'A Dream of the Future,' has been revived, in which two young lovers, personated by Vestris and Charles Mathews, undergo a visionary metamorphosis,—the one into a card-playing old tabby, and the other into a formal priggish old bachelor,—and thus warned, become reconciled. Next week is the last of the season.

The career of Mr. Rooke's opera was suddenly cut short, its success not being such as to warrant the management in continuing the extra expense of the two principal vocalists and the chorus engaged for the purpose. 'The Tempest' is the last of the Shakespeare revivals that remains to be seen at Covent Garden, until the appearance of 'Henry the Fifth' next month, for which great preparations are making; and Stanfield is painting a "moving Diorama." Meanwhile, 'Richelieu' and 'The Lady of Lyons'

are played every week. At the termination of the Covent Garden season Macready joins the Haymarket company; he is to be preceded by Charles Kenn, who is to play there for a few nights previous to his departure for America. Comedy is about to undergo the same improvement in the article of costume at the Haymarket, that tragedy has received at Covent Garden: the scenic accessories generally need revision at this theatre.

The desolation of *Drury* is complete: even the shilling concerts did not fill the house. Both the great theatres are now to let; but after the treatment Macready has met with at the hands of the proprietors of Covent Garden, he must be a bold man who will venture on either.

MISCELLANEA

Photogenic Drawings.—Mr. Robert Mallet has communicated to the Royal Irish Academy a notice of the discovery of the property of the light emitted by incandescent coke to blacken photogenic paper; and proposed it as a substitute for solar light, or that from the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe with lime. One of the most important applications of the photogenic process, as yet suggested, is its adaptation to the self-registering of long-continued instrumental observations. Unless, however, an artificial light, of a simple and inexpensive character, can be found to supply the place of solar light at night, the utility of this application will be much limited. Few artificial lights emit enough of the chemical rays to act with certainty on the prepared paper; while those which are known to act well, as the oxy-hydrogen lime light, are expensive, and difficult to manage. A considerable time since, the author discovered that the light emitted by incandescent coke, at the 'Twyer' (or aperture by which the blast is admitted) of a cupola or furnace for melting cast iron, contained the chemical rays in abundance; and on lately trying the effect of this light on the prepared paper, he found it was intensely blackened in about forty-five seconds. In the single experiment made, the heat, which was considerable, was not separated from the light; but the author purposed to make further experiments, in which this precaution will be attended to. There is no difficulty to be apprehended in contriving an apparatus to burn a small quantity of coke at a high temperature. A diagram of an apparatus for this purpose was shown.

Phlorizine.—Some recent experiments on phlorizine, made by M. Stas, have proved interesting; not only because they furnish a new proof of the means employed by nature in producing certain colouring matters, by causing azote to enter into their constituent principles, but also because they show, that by the reaction of acids, phlorizine changes into the sugar of grapes, leading to the supposition that the sugary matter of fruits arises from the influence of acids on the gummy or gelatinous parts.

Sepulchral Urn.—A curious discovery has recently been made on the ridge of hill which divides the Vale of Oveca from the Vale of Redcross near Kilbride, county of Wicklow. This ridge of the hill affords many remains of remote antiquity, some are blocks of stone fifteen feet in length, laid parallel to each other, resembling burying-places made for men of gigantic stature. A farmer was raising stones in a wild and solitary part of the mountain, to fill up gaps; about two feet below the surface, he turned up a flag, under which was a stone coffin, containing an urn in an inverted position, under which were two small bones laid parallel to each other. The coffin, consisting of six flags, was eighteen inches long, the sides seven inches high, and ten broad, put together with neatness, the corners rectangular, and the sides perpendicular: the inside perfectly clean, and free from dust or mould. The urn was four inches deep, swelling in the middle, and contracting at both ends. It was rudely but neatly sculptured with great care; the bones were very small, but perfect, having articulations at both ends, and were pronounced to be joints of human fingers and toes. The urn was procured by Dr. Walsh, incumbent of the parish, and was in high preservation, but when he endeavoured to move the stone coffin, it broke into fragments, which he gathered up, and had a good model of it made in wood, by a country carpenter on the spot.

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